Saving and Wasting Lives *by Louis Resnick*

The Nation

Vol. CXXX, No. 3385 Founded 1865 Wednesday, May 21, 1930

A TARIFF POLL

New England Answers

First Returns from

The Nation's *Questionnaire*

The Chain Daily

by Oswald Garrison Villard

Gandhi the Non-Resistant

by Henry Raymond Mussey

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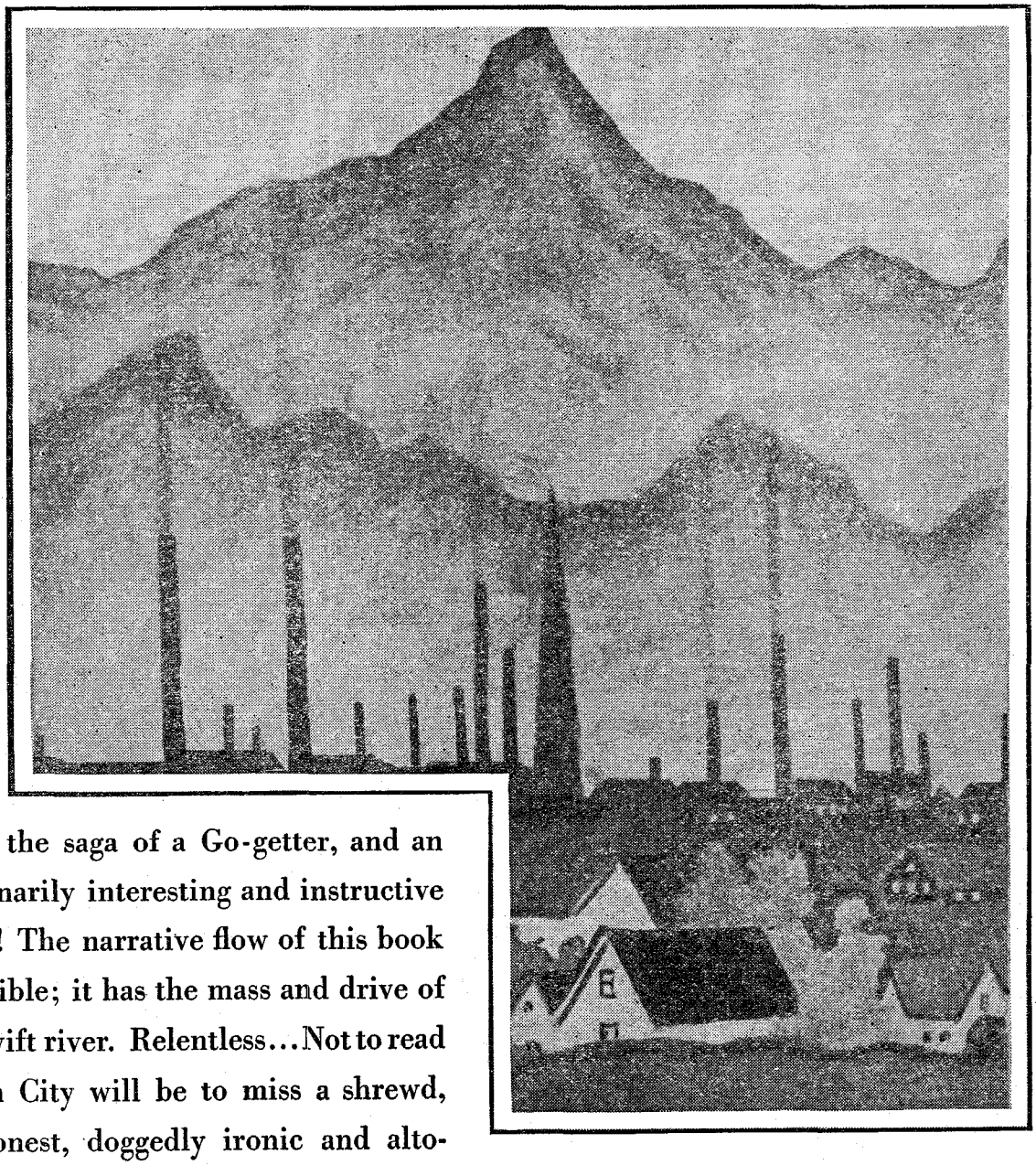
BY
UPTON SINCLAIR



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SECRETARY STIMSON dealt a deadly blow to President Hoover's fictitious reputation for sagacity or statesmanship in handling our foreign affairs when, testifying before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, he said:

> We went over to London without any specific instructions from the President, either written or verbal. Of course, we knew his general views. We had had the privilege of several talks with him; but he abstained from giving us any instructions of a specific character whatever, preferring to trust the delegation to use its own discretion in the methods of negotiations. He continued that course throughout. There was no time when he intervened with any instructions to us as to what we should or should not do.

This seems to Mr. Stimson altogether admirable and pleasantly "in contrast to the attitude of very many of our fellow-countrymen throughout the country who felt quite free to tell us by cable and otherwise what we should or should not do." There you have, first, the bureaucrat's resentment that his employers, the people, should dare to tell him in what manner he should serve them; and, second, a total failure to understand that what he praises in Mr. Hoover must appear to any intelligent American as a complete indictment of his chief. It is entirely characteristic of the President and of his philosophy that he calmly turned over his own responsibility to his appointees and refused to advise them in any way despite the fact that this was one of the momentous conferences of our history. The American people hire a President to lead, and they certainly did not expect that he would send his delegates to London without any plan or prearranged program, to drift as best they could. Mr. Stimson has indicted damnably all connected with the venture.

THE NOMINATION of Owen J. Roberts of Philadelphia as an associate justice of the Supreme Court is entirely commendable as far as the qualifications and personal character of the nominee are concerned. Mr. Roberts is an able lawyer who has devoted a large part of his time for the past six years to the prosecution, on behalf of the United States, of the suits against Harry F. Sinclair and Edward L. Doheny for the recovery of naval oil lands illegally leased to them under the Harding Administration. During the World War he was a Special Deputy Attorney General for the prosecution of espionage cases in Pennsylvania. He is accounted a moderate liberal in his general views notwithstanding his professional connection with large corporations, and in regard to prohibition is thought to be more wet than dry. There is no reason why Mr. Hoover should be praised for nominating Mr. Roberts, however. Mr. Hoover did his best to put upon the Supreme Bench the ill-qualified Judge Parker, for no other reason than to curry political favor with the South. In that attempt he was beaten by the Senate after a fight which had left Mr. Hoover and Judge Parker a sorry-looking pair. Now, having been trounced for one piece of misconduct, Mr. Hoover does perforce a decent thing in nominating Mr. Roberts.

THE BRITISH RAJ steadily sends forth optimistic messages that it has India well in hand; that thanks to its vigorous attitude Moslem Day and the anniversary of the Sepoy Rebellion passed off without serious disturbance. Unfortunately there are certain events to be recorded. Thus the Sikh League, composed of the best fighting men in all India, has voted to go along with Mahatma Gandhi, and the Government has brutally bombed by airplanes the forces of the Haji of Turangzai, the Afghan leader who has been threatening an invasion of the northwest frontier province. Meanwhile fourteen responsible commercial organizations of Bombay on May 7 presented a resolution to the Government protesting against the "extraordinary arrest" of Gandhi, which they said "had begun to undermine such confidence as the Indian commercial community had in the Government's sense of justice." As a whole, the cotton industry is paralyzed. A more conservative native leader, Ratanso Moraji, member of the Bombay Council of State, has resigned, as a protest against "the arbitrary internment of Mahatma Gandhi"; and the threats of V. J. Patel, lately speaker of the legislature, to intensify the boycott on foreign, especially British, goods has caused among the foreign importers "fears that the threat will be made good with disas-

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trous effects on business in India and England." The native press is disappearing, the censorship tightens, in consequence of which the wildest and most baseless rumors fill the country. Never was censorship so foolish, for nowhere else, save in our Southern States among the Negroes, is there such a "grapevine telegraph," which carries news like wildfire all through India.

HOW MUCH should a candidate for the Senate be allowed to spend on his nomination and election? A succession of inquiries has fixed no definite standard, and until this problem is tackled there is a vagueness in all arguments over the propriety of this or that expense account. In 1922, after a heated debate, the Senate allowed Truman H. Newberry of Michigan to take his seat, but censured his expenditure of $195,000 in the primary campaign as "much larger than ought to have been expended." In the 1926 campaigns Frank L. Smith of Illinois was credited with a primary expenditure of $450,000, and William S. Vare with one of $800,000. The sequel is familiar. And now comes Ruth Hanna McCormick who has laid before the present Senate Elections Committee an expense account of $252,572 for the campaign just closed in Illinois, though Illinois rumor has it that an additional $750,000 was spent in her behalf. However, the important task before the committee is not simply to determine how much Mrs. McCormick and others have spent or will spend in this year's campaigns, but to formulate some workable limitation for the future. To those who doubt the possibility of ever achieving this object we recommend a study of the strict limitation of expenditure which characterizes present-day electioneering in England.

WE STILL WAIT for action on Senator Wheeler's bill (S. 2767) repealing the act of May 19, 1926, which authorizes the President "to detail officers and enlisted men of the United States Army, Navy, and Marine Corps to assist the governments of the Latin-American republics in military matters." The President has been appealed to by a group of peace organizations to support the measure, but without result so far as we can learn. The mischievous practice of sending our professional war-makers to help our southern neighbors put their forces on a better fighting basis gives us a stronger grip on them and helps sell American war materials; incidentally it gives jobs to a few supernumerary military and naval officers. No wonder that the War and Navy Departments favor it. According to the former, the practice "tends to promote a correct understanding among our neighbor republics of our peaceful policies and of the good-will the officers of our army bear toward them." The War Department has truly extraordinary perspicacity. We, in our simplicity, had supposed that Senator Wheeler's bill was dictated by friendliness to our neighbors.

MEN OF GOD IN POLITICS are rather more likely than not to raise the devil, and the Right Reverend James Cannon, Jr., of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, and his dear friend and Presbyterian brother the Reverend Dr. F. Scott McBride, general superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, are certainly doing their bit to make the godless jeer. The good Bishop, it appears, extracted $65,300 in cash and checks from one E. C. Jameson of New York, ostensibly for the purpose of defeating Governor Smith in the recent Presidential campaign in Virginia. Unfortunately, he failed to report some $48,000 of this amount as required by the Corrupt Practices Act, and also induced Mr. Jameson to alter his own record of the payments so as to conform to the Bishop's telegraphic indications of what the record ought to be. For this and other political activities the Shepherd of the Flock is in the way of being called to account by his ecclesiastical associates, and possibly by the courts. Dr. McBride, who appears to have been a little vague about the political operations of his Holy League, has assured the Senate Lobby Committee that the league "was born of God, it has been led by Him, and we will fight on while He leads." The divine character of the birth, he explained in answer to a question, was clear to him because the delivery room was a prayer-meeting. The country has long felt that there was something mysterious about the league, but now that we know it to be blessed of heaven, with McBride's prayers ascending while Cannon jingles the cash, everything is perfectly clear.

A MACHINE-GUN, accidentally fired by one of the national guardsmen set to guard the walls of the Ohio State Penitentiary, killed two convicts as they slept in the tents which are the only shelters provided for them by the Sovereign State of Ohio while the cell blocks destroyed by fire are being reconstructed. It is worth while repeating certain of these facts: a machine-gun . . . accidentally fired . . . killed two sleeping convicts! It is thus that the State of Ohio, population nearly seven millions, wealth eighteen and a half billions, houses and protects its prison population. Or to be more explicit, first the State of Ohio crowds 4,300 prisoners into a prison built for 1,500; the prison is a fire-trap; when it catches fire guards refuse to open the cell doors and free the prisoners; 320 of them are burned or suffocated to death; the warden whose ineptitude is largely responsible (after the Sovereign State of Ohio) for the mismanagement and lack of discipline at the prison is not removed, and as a latest, but perhaps not final, bitter stroke, a machine-gun . . . accidentally fired . . . kills two sleeping convicts. Colonel Robert S. Haubrich, ranking guard officer at the prison, detailed an officer to investigate the shooting, who reported that the "guard concerned regretted the shooting very much, but that such accidents 'cannot be helped.'" More pertinent was the comment on the prison furnished by Will Rogers in noting that the mother of twelve children the other day, in poverty and desperation, shot and killed seven of them and then tried to kill herself. We celebrate, Mr. Rogers said, and even send to Europe at the government's expense, Gold Star mothers whose sons died in France. "This poor soul had done her bit for Ohio," he added tersely. "She had contributed a husband to its wonderful jail."

WITH THE UNENVIABLE RECORD of three lynchings in 1929, Texas now steps to the fore with the most outrageous exhibition of mob fury unchecked by the forces of the law that has been seen for a long time. A mob of some two thousand persons in Sherman, Texas, on May 9 stormed the courthouse (regretfully referred to in the news dispatches as the "new $60,000 courthouse") and burned it, incinerating in one of its vaults a Negro accused of an attack on a white woman, who had been put there for

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safe-keeping. In spite of the efforts of about seventy of the National Guard the mob ran amok through the town, destroying by fire much of the Negro section and literally tearing to pieces everything that was distasteful to it. Martial law was declared on Sunday, May 11, after the damage was thoroughly done. Governor Moody explained that he had not given orders, as alleged, to the guardsmen to "protect the Negro if possible but not to shoot anybody," but did not explain why only one attempt was made to stop the mob with bullets, that by firing at the legs of one of the leaders. He announced that every effort would be made to apprehend and punish to the full extent of the law the guilty persons. So far sixteen men have been arrested and five of them are in the county jail. If any attempt was made by the sheriff or other local officials to check the first of the mob's advances there is to date no record of it. Instead of dying if necessary in the performance of his duty to protect his prisoner the sheriff pondered the wisdom of resigning. There is little else to record as we go to press except that Sherman is called the "Athens of Texas."

CIVIL WAR IN CHINA has broken out again, this time between the Nanking Government and a coalition in the north headed by General Yen Hsi-shan and Marshal Feng, and supported, it is said, by the shifty General Sun Liang-chang, at one time a follower of Marshal Feng and later a supporter of the Nanking regime. Hostilities, the exact outcome of which is still uncertain, but which have resulted, according to reports, in as many as 10,000 killed, appear to have spread over a front variously reported at from 100 to 170 miles, with the Lunghai Railway, extending from Suchowfu on the east to Chengchow, in Honan Province, on the west, as in general the line of demarcation between the rival armies. On the other hand, to the south of Nanking, and even in Kiangsu Province in which Nanking is situated, the authority of the Nationalist Government has for some time been challenged by widespread and serious outbreaks of banditry. The Nationalist Government thus finds itself beset behind and before. Moreover, while the Nationalist forces are admittedly superior in training and equipment they are greatly inferior in numbers. Another embarrassment has arisen from the proposed seizure by General Yen Hsi-shan of the salt and customs receipts throughout the northern provinces, thereby jeopardizing the credit of the Nanking Government which has pledged these revenues as security for foreign loans.

THE ERGOT CONTROVERSY, which has been going on for two years, has reached a new stage. Ergot is generally used for the control of post-partum hemorrhage, and in September last the American Association of Obstetricians, Gynecologists, and Abdominal Surgeons appointed a distinguished committee to examine into the alleged deterioration of the drug. The committee has just reported. Studiously abstaining from taking sides in the acrimonious personal controversy between the Food, Drug, and Insecticide Administration and its critics, the committee flatly declares that "there has been a notable deterioration in the quality of the fluidextract of ergot on the American market in recent years," due, in its judgment, to defects in the character of the ergot imported. These defects, it believes, to be due to practices "in violation of the requirements of the pharmacopoeia and of common prudence." As regards ergot quality and methods of preparation the report essentially confirms the position of Dr. H. H. Rusby, dean of the College of Pharmacy of Columbia University, the leading scientific critic of the Food and Drug Administration. In the matter of protecting the life of mothers it would appear from this report that either the existing law or its administration is sadly defective. The administration has already expressed its willingness to have its methods of carrying out the law looked into, and we believe that Senator McNary should now promptly proceed with the further hearings that he promised last February to conduct if they were requested by the physicians of the country.

HULL HOUSE, with Jane Addams still its devoted and noble head, has been celebrating the fortieth anniversary of its founding with many of its former workers and students returning to lay their homage at the feet of the woman, who, with Ellen Gates Starr, in 1889-90 took over the old-fashioned residence of Charles Hull, a wealthy business man of Chicago, for a social settlement. A direct offshoot of Toynbee Hall, Hull House has stood like a rock as wave after wave of immigration has dashed up against it and rippled on. The character of each wave has been different, the nationalities changing; but the human problems have remained the same though the needs have varied. Always the newcomers have found leadership, warm and genuine friendship, helpful cooperation, a hearty welcome at the hands of Miss Addams and her cohorts of workers, less well known but equally devoted—some of them, like Grace Abbott, Julia Lathrop, Alice Hamilton, Sophronisba Breckinridge, rising high in their special fields, to say nothing of the men who have graced the Hull House commons. Deeply imbued with that true Americanism which is the very reverse of what our patrioteers profess, Hull House is a great American institution.

JOHN MASEFIELD, the newly chosen Poet Laureate of England, departs from the cloistered elegance which has clung around incumbents of that office, at least during the last century or so. Mr. Masefield knows the docks, the farms, the country store, the life of ships and the sea, the smells of tenements, even the public house. He is the first Laureate who ever came to New York, certainly the first who ever lived in Yonkers and once polished the bar in a Christopher Street saloon. But he is a most excellent poet for all that, and wears with no unseemliness the mantle of Southey and Wordsworth and Tennyson. He is now fifty-five years of age and eleven years ago published "Reynard the Fox," often regarded as his finest poem. Since then he has been as prolific as ever, issuing novels, poems, and plays, together with a collected edition of his works. But if his poetry culminated in a magnificent stroke with "Reynard" it has since attained to nothing like that high point. Wordsworth had written his finest poems years before the honor of the Laureateship came to him; the same was true of Tennyson. It may be that a poet in the full flower of his genius is thought, even by a Labor Prime Minister, too dynamic, too dangerous a candidate for so worthy and dignified an office. At any rate, the new Laureate has done enough to be well deserving of the honor, and it is not impossible that years of high achievement still lie ahead.

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The Terrible Meek

WHAT Gandhi has started in India profoundly concerns the whole world. The technique of non-resistance, to which he has already resorted nine times, challenges the entire social order based on force. Only a few years ago an American diplomat leaving for his post in China declared that his was a hopeless mission; the cause of the Allies and the United States as to extraterritoriality and other matters was lost because the Chinese were using in this case the "most dangerous weapon in the world, non-resistance." Nothing makes your modern diplomat so wild as to tell him that if he attacks you, you will not shoot back; he knows that that strikes his weapons to the ground. He has built up a preposterous world of armaments and ships and colonies, extraterritorial rights and spheres of influence, all based upon his ability to impose his will by his own troops or natives in his pay. He seeks to subdue the blacks in South Africa, the Moroccans, the Algerians. He has been getting away with it for centuries—always in the name of Christ Jesus and the Holy Word.

Now the whole miserable business of governing "inferior" races and exploiting them for "their own good" is rudely defied by an unhandsome, undersized man, naked but for a loin-cloth, who seeks nothing for himself, no material power, no office, no wealth; who dares to defy the greatest of colonial empires and is actually stirring it upon its foundations. They have ventured to arrest him at last. But they tremble lest anything happen to the Terrible Meek who sits within their jail. Here is the dispatch which tells of the treatment of this state criminal:

> A fully furnished wing in the Yeravda prison, where he can meditate, spin, take exercise, and read without disturbance, has been allotted to him. A special cook has been provided for him and he will receive ten dollars a week from the government for his personal expenses.

In addition a special board of three English physicians has been appointed to watch his health daily. His jailers know full well that if anything happens to him while he is in their custody all India will rise. They do not even dare to charge him with a crime, but are holding him under a statute 103 years old which permits them to intern in prison anybody whose activities seem to threaten the state.

A nice business for an Anglo-Saxon democracy which is only an intruder in India to engage in? An especially nice business for a Labor Government whose head was himself an execrated pacifist during the World War, with the conduct of which he refused to ally himself in any way? Yes, from this aspect the plight of Ramsay MacDonald is nothing less than tragic. This, like the failure of the naval conference, was the risk he ran when he took office and made himself responsible for the conduct of Indian affairs and the management of England's army and navy. We agree with the criticism that it would have been far better if Mr. MacDonald had worked out a solution for India's problems before plunging into the disarmament conference; at the very time he was most needed in the India Office, Wedgewood Benn, its Cabinet head, was drawn off for the endless bickerings of the naval discussions. We are sincerely sorry for Mr. MacDonald. His is now an almost hopeless position. He has had to yield in the arrest of Gandhi; how long will it be before he is sanctioning the dispatch of more British troops to India, he who brought about the return of some of the British troops sent to China? If he yields dominion status now, his political foes at home will accuse him of weakening before conditions which "call for a stern hand." If he does not grant dominion status, he faces years of unrest, of bloodshed and rebellion. For this issue will not down until, like American slavery, it is settled aright, with the peoples of India in control of their own land—for better or worse. There is only one thing Mr. MacDonald should do: move at once for dominion status, accept Parliamentary defeat, and rely upon the justice of the British people and the progress of events to bring him back to office as the pro-Boers came back triumphantly in 1906. Instead we have the postponement until October 20 of the proposed conference on dominion status.

What in this hour shall be the attitude of American liberals? With all sympathy for MacDonald and his Government they must continue to urge that the natives of India be given back their country, to rise or fall as they decide. Let it be known whether the Simon Commission has found for dominion status or not. The report appears to have been finished for a month; it is still being printed. Dominion status for India is but another test of our faith in democracy; whether we believe in autocratic good government—though we deny that the British government in India has always been good—or bad self-government. We cannot see how anybody who believes in American institutions and the principles underlying them can hesitate. India has just as much right to take over its own government today as the Americans had in 1776. It is not for us, nor for the British either, to sit in judgment upon the fitness of these people to rule themselves, or to prophesy what the future may hold in store for them.

Meanwhile, blood flows freely, and there are those who are saying that this is the inevitable outcome of non-resistance. Nothing of the kind. But the masses will strike back when sufficiently provoked, as at Sholapur—we take these facts from a press cable of May 8 (italics ours):

> A district magistrate was summoned. He warned them to disperse. Instead, the crowd, increasing in numbers every minute, refused and the police *were ordered to open fire.*

There was here no native act of violence before there were 27 natives killed and 100 wounded.

As for the Terrible Meek whose personal power has set all these forces in motion, he is beyond the reach of his jailers because his spirit soars above theirs; because he is serenely happy to be again behind the bars; because his conscience is clear, his course of life and action open and frank; because his soul is buttressed by a noble, an unconquerable, and an imperishable truth. He well knows that if he dies now it will not matter. Liberty is under way. Its progress is irresistible. And whether he is alive or dead, Gandhi's soul will go marching on.

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Billions to "Reduce"

NOTHING in the imagination of a Dean Swift could be more cynically ironic than the outburst of big-navy propaganda that has followed immediately upon the heels of the London conference. Before the treaty is ratified we have a few striking coincidences. The fleet steams into New York. One hundred and thirty-one airplanes fly over the city in battle formation. The New York *Times* reports:

> "What couldn't they do to us if they dumped some bombs and gas?" a policeman wearing World War service stripes said as he gazed upward from Times Square.
>
> "Such a fleet could wipe out the city in minutes," Lieutenant Commander A. E. Montgomery, who led the parade in a big Hornet-powered Martin bomber, said in answer to the same question later in the day.

The next day front-page reports tell how the 131 planes "destroyed" all of New England, "bombing" Providence, New London, Lowell, and Boston. Nothing is added to these reports. The sky-gazers and newspaper readers, however, are no doubt expected to use their imaginations. Their minds may then be rich soil in which to plant the conclusion: "We must have a very large fleet in order to make it impossible for any other fleet to launch airplanes against our cities." Granting, however, that such a fleet of planes really could wipe out our great cities in minutes, and that no adequate defense could be made, the only logical conclusion is that another war would be too horrible to contemplate, and that if it occurred the size of our navy would make little difference.

These naval airplane demonstrations occurred on the same day that Chairman Britten of the House Naval Committee introduced his bill to authorize, prior to July 1, 1936, the construction of 240,200 tons of new naval vessels. The purpose, of course, is "to give the United States parity with Great Britain." Mr. Britten estimates that the new construction will call for an outlay of $498,000,000 by 1940, which, added to requirements for authorizations already made, will make a total of $937,000,000 to be expended within the next decade. Even so, Mr. Britten is not quite sure that "the expenditure of a billion dollars in the next eight years will properly provide for the national defense in an emergency." Senator Reed of Pennsylvania, returning from the naval conference, is also quoted in an interview as favoring a seven-year building program entailing an average annual naval expenditure of $100,000,000 a year. Senator Robinson takes a similar stand. Chairman Britten is very sad. He wants to build because it is his opinion that the American delegates were "out-traded" at London. But Senator Reed wants to build ships for exactly the opposite reason. "In substance," he is quoted as saying, "we have a chance to build up our fleet, while Great Britain and Japan more or less stand still."

If there is any possibility of heading off this orgy of spending and building, which must result in more international distrust and hence more spending and building, it can be realized only by vigorous outspokenness on the part of those who still believe that the naval limitation treaty, unsatisfactory as it is, is at least not a naval enlargement treaty. We recommend to all our readers the course of Mr. Herbert Fordham, who writes to Representative Robert L. Bacon:

> Thank you for your letter inclosing a copy of an address on boy scouts. While it is gratifying to learn that you favor boys and boy scouts, it might be more helpful to learn that you favor certain ends which some of us intend to achieve:

There follows a list of six of these, of which numbers five and six are:

> 5. We intend not to "reduce" our navy by spending from half a billion to a billion dollars in building ships that we do not need and do not desire.
>
> 6. We intend not to be maneuvered into a war with Great Britain by attempting "parity." To build up our navy to the size of the British navy can have no meaning except preparation for war with Great Britain. Without war against Great Britain we have no need for "parity." With war against Great Britain we need not parity but superiority.
>
> Are you with us?

Sowing the Wind

WE commented briefly last week upon the new Canadian tariff, whose drastically revised duties will affect some $225,000,000 of imports from the United States. On May 6, four days after the new rates went into effect, Premier Mackenzie King announced a general election, to be held this year "at the earliest possible moment." Back of that announcement lies a widespread irritation over the weak course of the Liberal Government in the face of the threat to Canadian industry and trade embodied in the Smoot-Hawley tariff bill. Canada has had more than one raw deal at the hands of lordly protectionists and political jingoes at Washington. Now, apparently, it is nearing the end of its willingness to take rough treatment lying down. It is going to the polls, with the American tariff as a big issue in the campaign.

The resentment which is felt in Canada is being shown all about the globe. From nearly thirty countries have come protests of manufacturing or trade groups against the egregious duties proposed by the Smoot-Hawley bill. A vigorous protest against the new duties on watches, clocks, and lace has just been lodged by the Swiss government with the American Minister. Producers or exporters in France, Italy, Spain, the Netherlands, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Finland, Germany, Austria, Rumania, Greece, Turkey, Egypt, Persia, and Ireland have protested against the blows that are being aimed at them; those of Australia, India, and the British West Indies have joined with others from Argentina, Uruguay, Guatemala, and Honduras in warning the United States of the menace of the Smoot-Hawley bill. There have been unprecedented demonstrations of wage-earners in England and France, and pledges of a boycott of American goods in Switzerland.

All this, of course, points straight toward retaliation if the tariff bill becomes law. What are the tariff-mongers at the Capitol and the Great Engineer at the White House doing to avert the storm? As far as can be seen, nothing

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whatever. The broadside attack of 1,028 American economists seems not to have shaken in the least the seats of the mighty. The Senate wants the farm-debenture scheme and does not want the flexible-tariff provision. The House opposes debentures but stands by the flexible provision. Mr. Hoover sides with the House on flexibility and opposes the Senate on debentures. So the wrangle goes merrily on in a conference committee, but with no trace of disposition anywhere to do anything that might help to fend off a world-wide retaliation which will hit American industry and trade all along the line.

If the tariff bill gets into the statute book and the gathering storm breaks, the country will have reason to blame Mr. Hoover at least as much as it blames Congress. Mr. Hoover championed high protection when he was campaigning for the Presidency, and demanded a revision of the tariff as the great means of helping the farmers. He has insisted upon the retention of the flexible-tariff authority, although everybody knows that it will be used only to jack up the duties still farther as occasion offers, no matter to what point Congress raises them. He has made no effort to stop the rate-raising debauch in Congress, albeit the evidences of world hostility are matters of common knowledge. As a promoter of international peace, and of the consideration which a powerful nation would seem to be in decency bound to show toward its friendly neighbors and good customers, he is a sorry figure. He contemplates with apparent serenity the prospect of an economic war. The country will have something to say about Congress in the elections next November, but it may also be counted upon not to forget the sage of Rapidan and the lazy play of twiddling thumbs.

For a Greater Library

A MILLION and a half dollars is the comparatively trifling sum asked of Congress for the purchase, for the Library of Congress, of the Vollbehr collection of incunabula. Nor could this sum, about a tenth of the cost of a new cruiser, be spent in any more worth-while or satisfactory manner. Three thousand books comprise the collection, 40 per cent of the titles not being represented at all in the United States today. There are works on religion, astronomy, medicine, natural science, law, geography, cosmography, chess, cookery, history, matrimony, philosophy, customs, travel, bibliomania, temperance, military and naval science, and many other subjects. In a sense this is a compendium of culture before the sixteenth century, in English, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Italian, French, Chinese, Slavonic, German, and Spanish. And the gem of the collection is one of the three perfect copies in existence of the Gutenberg Bible printed on vellum, and the only copy in three volumes. The other two copies, in two volumes, are owned by the British Museum and the Bibliothèque Nationale respectively. The Vollbehr Bible has been valued at $1,000,000, and beyond all consideration of price its acquisition by our great national library seems eminently just. Incidentally, it is interesting to note that this unique book has been held, until modern times, by only three owners. It belonged first to Johann Fust, Gutenberg's partner; by him or his heirs it was sold or given to the monastery of St. Blasius in the Black Forest; and during the Napoleonic wars it was transferred by the Benedictines there to the monastery of St. Paul in the valley of Lavant in Carinthia, where Dr. Vollbehr of Berlin bought it in 1926. Only the exigencies of post-war famine could have compelled these German monks to part with perhaps their greatest treasure.

There is every reason to believe that Congress will be willing to appropriate money for the purchase of these books. Its policy toward the Library of Congress has been, on the whole, farsighted, generous, and intelligent. The library, started in 1800 with an appropriation of $5,000, received its first important acquisition by the purchase, for the small sum of $23,950, of Jefferson's admirable library of 6,000 volumes. But this great addition was not received with universal rejoicing. For months Congress haggled over Jefferson's books. The library was characterized as "immoral, indecent, irreligious, and generally revolutionary"; one of the opponents of the purchase said:

> It might be inferred from the character of the man who collected it, and France, where the collection was made, that the library contained irreligious and immoral books, works of the French philosophers, who caused and influenced the volcano of the French Revolution, which had desolated Europe and extended to this country. He was opposed to a general dissemination of that infidel philosophy and of the principles of a man (Jefferson) who had inflicted greater injury on our country than any other except Madison.

In spite of this derogation of two of the Founding Fathers, the books were bought. The library grew, until at present it has attained to the impressive wealth of some 4,000,000 books and pamphlets, more than 1,000,000 maps, 1,000,000 pieces of music, nearly 500,000 prints, and 70,000 bound volumes of newspapers. In number of books and pamphlets it is surpassed only by the Bibliothèque Nationale. Its collections in American history and politics, in music, in United States documents are almost unique in importance. Credit for this masterly assembling is due in handsome measure to the eight librarians who have presided over the fortunes of the library since its inception, but chiefly to the distinguished present incumbent, Dr. Herbert Putnam, Librarian of Congress for thirty-one years and one of America's great public servants.

In determining appropriations for the library Congress has made several bad slips, which have been regretted ever since by persons aware of their significance. Money was refused to buy Washington's library, now housed in the Boston Athenaeum; the original manuscript of Washington's Farewell Address was bought by the Lenox Library of New York for $2,300 after Congress had refused to become interested in it. The most serious loss to the national library, however, was the Bancroft library, the most valuable collection of Americana, among other things, ever assembled. It consisted of 14,606 books, 486 volumes of manuscripts, and 4,648 pamphlets, the tools used by the historian George Bancroft in his volumes on the United States. It was offered for $75,000 and Congress would not spend the money. Now it may make up for this unfortunate mistake by appropriating without delay funds for the purchase of the unique and invaluable Vollbehr collection. When we consider the vast sums that are discussed for the "limitation of armaments," a mere million and a half seems little indeed.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

WHEN the final ten had been counted over the prostrate form of Judge Parker there still remained much doubt as to just what it was that hit him. The *World,* for instance, gave its editorial opinion that the organized Negro opposition had nothing to do with it. Mark Sullivan, in the *Herald Tribune,* allowed the colored faction the balance of power and assigned it ten Senatorial votes. Indeed, it seems to be the consensus that it was the disaffection of conservative Middle Western Republicans which accounted for the defeat of the gentleman from North Carolina. And this has within it a very satisfactory ironic quality. Until near the end Judge Parker remained exceedingly scornful of Negro opposition. He refused the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People the courtesy of a reply when it asked him to pass upon the validity of certain statements attributed to him by the press of his own State.

The mills of the gods in grinding hit upon an extremely pretty conceit. Judge Parker had declared himself against Negro participation in politics and as a result the American Negro became politically effective for the first time and barred the way to Mr. Hoover's appointee. And there was drama in the manner of the conflict. The President, as has been pointed out on many occasions, is a great organizer. With prestige and patronage at his command he could exert terrific pressure for the confirmation of Judge Parker. In justice to the President it may be said that many promises were made in his name which he had by no means authorized. But even though he was personally guiltless much in the way of seemingly executive temptation was dangled before the eyes of weak-kneed Senators. And so it is exciting to know that the man in the White House was checkmated largely through the efforts of a short and slight mulatto in a five-room Harlem flat.

Walter White did the field work for the National Association and on the strength of his recent triumph he may become one of the most powerful forces in American politics. It is a little ridiculous to refer to Mr. White as a mulatto, since his skin is just as fair as the paper on which these words are printed. His eyes are of a Nordic blue and his hair is decidedly sandy. In other parts of the world Walter White would be ranked as a Caucasian with a slight admixture of Negro blood. Here he is officially Negro because of some minute strain which has been biologically discounted. Of course, even here in America, Mr. White is a Negro largely from choice. The community has only his word for the fact that he is Negroid. Had he chosen to call himself white no power on earth could have singled him out from his fellows.

And yet this small blond Negro is among the most passionate of propagandists. His waking hours and perhaps his dreams are given over to the question of race relations. Unlike some other Negro intellectuals he is not much infused with a contempt and hatred for all things white. At least one does not get that impression from his courteous and friendly bearing. And he is pleasantly humorous for all the fire which burns inside. But he is no compromiser. The school of "Know your place" finds no support from him.

Often I have envied him his chance to lead a dual existence if he so desires. As agent for the National Association he can go into the deepest portions of the Southern Bible belt and inquire about some act of violence or discrimination without ever allowing the local citizenry to know that he is a black man investigating happenings for a Negro organization. The phrase "black man" is ridiculous enough in this case but I am for the moment humoring the "one-drop" school of American thought and expression. To be sure, this school is founded upon a fallacy. It is the proud boast of the more militant Nordics that they can't be fooled. "If I pressed your fingernail like this," said a Southern gentleman on a Pullman crossing the State of Mississippi, "I could tell right away if you had so much as one-thousandth of a drop of Negro blood." And having said this the Mississippian did lean forward and press against the fingernail of Walter White. He never knew why the little blond man laughed at the end of the experiment.

There is no getting away from the fact that the Negro in America labors under many handicaps. It would seem that any individual possessing the right of choice would inevitably choose to be white instead of colored. I wondered why Walter White chose to identify himself with a race which labors under such hardships when with a word he could cross over, as very many light-colored men and women do each year. In order to settle that point in my mind I finally asked him. "Why didn't you ever decide to become a white man?" I asked. "It must be hard to remain a Negro when you don't have to." He told me this story:

> I was born in Atlanta and my father, who is darker than I am, was a letter carrier. We had a house right on the edge of the Negro quarter. It was a nice house. One week-end there were rumors of race trouble. We tried to get my mother and sisters to leave town and go to a farm outside the city. They wouldn't go. Early in the evening the trouble broke. I was twelve years old and my father gave me a shotgun and stood me at one of the two front windows on the second floor. He stood at the other window. "You're not to fire," he said, "until they cross the edge of the lawn. When they get that close shoot and go on shooting as long as you can."
>
> Two or three hours later the white mob came down our street. The leader stopped in front of our house and said, "Let's get that damn nigger letter carrier." Before they reached the edge of the lawn, some Negroes down the street fired and killed two men in the mob. The crowd swept past our house and went after the men down the block who had fired the shots. Several Negroes were killed. In the morning the soldiers came and martial law was declared.
>
> But [said Walter White] I'd stood at that window for two hours with a shotgun waiting for them to cross the edge of the lawn. I was twelve years old. After that night I never wanted to be a white man. I knew which side I was on.

And a good many years later John J. Parker was not confirmed for the Supreme Court of the United States.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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The Nation's Tariff Poll

TO find New England newspaper editors opposing a higher tariff by a vote of two to one on the ground of its economic consequences, and well-nigh unanimously on the basis of its probable effect on international relations, and to find a majority of them going so far in opposition as to think that the President ought to veto the bill is a surprising thing. Yet that is the result of a telegraphic poll just conducted among them, and the detailed replies are even more unfavorable than the above statement would indicate. The Connecticut editors who answer are almost solid against the bill, and only two out of thirteen papers in Massachusetts favor it without qualification.

In an effort to obtain some gauge of public opinion on the pending tariff bill, *The Nation* has addressed a series of questions to newspapers throughout the country. The first results, covering returns received from New England up to the time of going to press, are presented herewith. The returns from other sections of the country will be published in our next two issues. Four questions were asked of the editors of ninety-two of the leading newspapers of New England. Replies were received from twenty-five, of which seven are listed as Republican in politics, five independent Republican, one Democratic, one independent Democratic, and eleven independent. Here are the results.

1. *Will the pending tariff bill, if enacted, raise the cost of living?*

Sixteen editors, including all but one answering in the States of Maine, Massachusetts, and Connecticut, say yes. The New Bedford (Massachusetts) *Times,* on the other hand, answers no. The Burlington (Vermont) *Free Press* believes that the tariff will not raise the cost "appreciably"; the Rutland (Vermont) *Herald* thinks that it "should stabilize prices"; and the Keene (New Hampshire) *Sentinel* "does not believe that it will raise cost to the extent that its opponents claim." On the most favorable showing, then, the score against the tariff on this count is sixteen to four.

2. *Will it ultimately benefit or injure us economically?*

Five editors think that it will benefit, thirteen that it will injure us. Two others give qualified economic approval, the New London (Connecticut) *Day,* for example, holding that it "may be of ultimate benefit if toned down to minimum increases, abandoning inexcusable items like sugar and olive oil"; and two others are inclined to look for some economic injury from it. On economic grounds the total is thus seven for and fifteen against the bill.

3. *Will it improve or injure our international relations?*

Here there is striking agreement. Seventeen writers, including even those who favor the measure on economic grounds, believe it likely to make our relations with other countries more difficult; but the Hyde Park (Massachusetts) *Gazette-Times* says, "What of it? Why should we not consider our own manufacturers first?" The New Bedford *Times* alone thinks our relations will be bettered. Three papers look for little effect. The Lawrence (Massachusetts) *Telegram* thinks that any threatened disturbance will be "a flash in the pan." The Springfield *Union* regards the idea as a historic bogy, yet does not consider "the present bill as better than the existing act, even with the debenture and other fantastic notions left out." Seventeen editors, then, must be recorded against the international political effects of the measure; four, and three of those only negatively, for it.

4. *Should the President sign or veto the bill?*

Six editors flatly favor signing; seven flatly oppose. Four others favor Presidential approval under certain conditions; four others apparently favor a veto. Ten in all are for approval; eleven against it. The Portland *Evening News,* holding that the bill will raise the cost of living, injure us economically both immediately and ultimately, and injure our international relations, yet holds it "a grave question whether the President should veto and thus cause great confusion and delay." The Boston *Transcript,* which has regarded revision as unnecessary, yet believes that if the debenture is excluded and Presidential flexibility included the President should sign the bill in order to prevent the tariff from coming up in the next Congress. The Worcester *Telegram,* favoring protection, holds the provision for Presidential flexibility "imperatively necessary." The Brockton *Enterprise* favors the bill because "only a tariff on shoes can check a flood of importations that will close many American plants." The Hartford *Courant,* while speaking in guarded terms of any possible benefits, believes that "if the bill goes to the President minus the debenture provision he should sign it and give it a chance to prove the wisdom or unwisdom of its makers." The Hartford *Times* is doubtful if the bill "offers sufficient improvement over present conditions to warrant enactment," but hardly expects a veto.

On the other hand, the Lewiston (Maine) *Evening Journal,* declaring that Congress should never again be permitted to make a general revision, asserts that "the wool schedules are the worst ever offered to the country and are alone sufficient cause for a Presidential veto." The Quincy (Massachusetts) *Patriot-Leader,* strongly critical, feels that the bill "may well be allowed to go into the discard." The *Mercury* and the *Standard* of New Bedford both condemn the measure on the ground that the cotton duties are unworkable, and the former specifically favors a veto. The Worcester *Evening Post* and the New Haven *Journal Courier* both favor a veto if the bill is passed in its present form, while the Stamford (Connecticut) *Advocate* prefers a veto if it "means definite retention of present rates, but if veto means more uncertainty and continued bickerings we would favor signing the bill even though unsatisfactory." The Waterbury (Connecticut) *Republican* and *American* say pointedly: "Pending tariff bill will raise living cost. It menaces economic welfare. It menaces economic relations. Its veto should be considered." The Springfield *Republican* believes that the bill will injure us economically and politically, and should be vetoed. The Springfield *News* believes that "Hoover should veto it, but such judgment may hardly be expected of him in view of Parker fiasco and other monumental blunders." The Bridgeport (Connecticut) *Herald* says: "We have had tariff for protection only and tariff for revenue only. The Grundy bill will give us tariff for extortion only. President Hoover should veto this pernicious bill."

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Safety Last

II. Saving and Wasting Lives*

By LOUIS RESNICK

I

Our Continuing Slaughter

FOR several years after the World War much was made of the fact that during our participation the number of Americans killed or injured by accidents at home was greater than the number of American soldiers killed or wounded at the front. This record was attributed to the extraordinary industrial activity of the war period, to the high pressure under which everybody worked, and to the replacement of skilled men in industry by green hands, who are more susceptible to accidents than old employees. It is now twelve years since the armistice, but the casualty list in peaceful America each year still is longer than the casualty list of the A. E. F.

Each year since 1918 we have killed or injured accidentally almost twice as many human beings as were killed or injured among the American military forces during nineteen months of war. In the last twelve years *we have killed 1,000,000 men, women, and children* and seriously injured 25,000,000 by preventable accidents in the United States. In so doing, we have caused an economic loss of at least $40,000,000,000. These are conservative estimates based on studies and reports of the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics, the Hoover Conference on Traffic Accidents, the National Fire Protection Association, and the National Safety Council.

Year after year, it is shown in the proceedings of the annual safety congresses, the lives of 80,000 to 90,000 persons have been cut short by accidents in the United States. The trend has been steadily upward, and last year 95,000 persons were killed by accidents in this country. Those who know most about the accident situation predict that during the present year 100,000 Americans will be killed.

Is such slaughter an inevitable by-product of modern civilization? Is it unavoidable? Hardly. H. W. Heinrich, assistant superintendent of the Engineering and Inspection Division of the Travelers Insurance Company, told the Seventeenth Safety Congress in New York City (October, 1928) that 98 per cent of all industrial accidents are preventable. This was no offhand estimate, but the conclusion of a recognized authority after careful analysis of 70,000 detailed accident reports. Eighty-eight per cent of all industrial accidents, Mr. Heinrich said, are due to faulty supervision; 10 per cent are due to the material equipment with which employees have to deal; *only 2 per cent are unavoidable.*

C. W. Price, formerly general manager of the National Safety Council, author of the first State safety code (Wisconsin), and now director of the course in accident prevention at New York University, is convinced that 75 to 90 per cent of the accidents in any industry can be prevented and that 50 to 75 per cent of all accidents outside of industry are preventable in the light of our present knowledge. Persistent, intensive, and properly organized effort in any community, Mr. Price says, would avert an even larger percentage of the so-called public accidents.

Frances Perkins, Industrial Commissioner for the State of New York, on February 26, 1930, told the Greater New York Safety Conference: "Enough has been done to show that *no accident need happen.*" A few minutes before she had said: "Last year [1929] was the worst year we have ever had. There were more industrial accidents than ever before, 20,000 more [in New York State] than in the previous year." And she was referring only to industrial accidents serious enough to warrant compensation for injuries to the employee.

Walter King, in the president's address at the 1927 congress of the National Safety Council, said:

> Approximately 7,000 children were killed in automobile accidents last year and fully 140,000 boys and girls were injured by motor vehicles. Practically all of these youngsters were between five and fifteen years of age. The deplorable fact is that practically all of these accidents might have been prevented. We feel almost horrified at the ignorance or indifference which permits it.

The National Fire Protection Association is authority for the statement that an average of forty-one persons are burned to death each day—15,000 a year—and that practically all of these are needless sacrifices. Every year thousands of children are drowned. Thousands fall to their death from windows, roofs, porches, and fire escapes. Hundreds of children die in the Roman holiday that we make of the Fourth of July.

During the past thirty years more American lives have been lost in celebrating our independence than were lost in acquiring it. The score follows:

Cost of Acquiring *American Independence*	
Americans killed in Revolutionary War	4,044
Americans injured in Revolutionary War	6,004
Cost of Celebrating *American Independence*	
Americans killed in fireworks accidents (last 30 years)	4,290
Americans injured in fireworks accidents (last 30 years)	96,000

These figures are based on nation-wide studies by the American Medical Association and the American Museum of Safety. They do not include the many deaths which occur long after the Fourth of July as a direct result of fireworks accidents on the Fourth. Nor do they include the drownings and automobile fatalities which regularly occur on the Fourth of July over and above the daily average.

The Museum of Safety and the National Society for the Prevention of Blindness jointly undertook a study of Fourth of July casualties, and this is what they found in 1927:

* The second of three articles on the safety movement. The third will appear in our issue of May 28.—Editor The Nation.

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161 persons were killed in fireworks accidents between June 19 and July 17;
52 of these were children less than 5 years old;
54 burned to death when their clothing was ignited by fireworks or bonfires;
20 children were burned to death by "harmless sparklers";
21 children died as the result of eating fireworks;
32 persons were shot by "unloaded guns" or stray bullets;
30 persons lost one or both eyes;
300 others suffered eye injuries;
1,900 persons were otherwise injured.

All this with ten States not heard from. Approximately 900 cities and towns reported fireworks casualties; only 9 reported prosecutions growing out of these accidents. Pennsylvania led the States with 23 deaths and 425 injuries as the result of its Fourth of July celebration. Detroit headed the list of cities with 90 accidents and 8 deaths. New York State reported 16 dead and 234 injured.

"Why isn't something done to stop this annual slaughter? How about the safety movement we hear so much of?" The answer is simple. Professional safety men and safety organizations have been too busy trying to reduce the kinds of accidents that cost the most money—industrial accidents, which cost industry at least a billion dollars a year in workmen's compensation and lowered production, and motor-vehicle accidents, which cost another billion in insurance protection and traffic delays—they have been too busy doing this job, the job for which they are hired, to make any strenuous effort to save the lives of 100 or 150 children every Fourth of July. No one has to pay for fireworks accidents to children and so no one makes any serious effort to stop them.

II

The Safety Movement

What is the safety movement, anyway, and how did it start? The problem of accident prevention is as old as man. Safety men have found references to their doctrine in the speeches of Abraham Lincoln, in Shakespeare, and in the Bible. But the organized effort to prevent accidents began on a certain day in May, 1908, when the late Judge Elbert H. Gary, chairman of the United States Steel Corporation, addressing a meeting of the casualty managers of the corporation's subsidiaries, said:

> We expect our legal department and the gentlemen under their control, direction, and advice [the casualty managers were under control of the legal department at that time] to take such steps as are practicable to ascertain anything that can be done at every locality and in every department to add to the safety of our equipment and to prevent accidents.

Returning to his office, Judge Gary wrote to the presidents of the subsidiary companies:

> The United States Steel Corporation expects its subsidiary companies to make every effort practicable to prevent injury to employees. Much can be done by designing new construction and machinery with all practicable safeguards. *Expenditures necessary for such improvements will be authorized.* Nothing which will add to the protection of the workmen should be neglected. The safety and welfare of the workmen is the greatest concern. [Italics mine.]

That was an historic statement, and the most vital part of it is the italicized sentence. It started the safety movement not only within the properties of the Steel Corporation but in American industry generally. And what little is being done for accident prevention outside of industry in this country today must be credited to the industrial safety movement. In the next year steelplant executives learned that accidents could be prevented. Incidentally, they learned that money could be saved—lots of it—through safety work. The records of the Steel Corporation's Bureau of Safety, Sanitation, and Welfare show that in twenty years more than 59,000 employees have been saved from death or serious injury and that more than $20,000,000 has been saved for the stockholders through accident prevention.

In the next few years State legislatures began to pass workmen's-compensation laws requiring employers to pay to injured workmen a portion of the wages they would have earned during the period of their disability and to the dependents of those killed in industry some compensation—usually about $3,500—for the loss of their breadwinner. Whether Judge Gary and the other pioneers in safety were impelled primarily by humanitarian motives or by purely economic motives, no one can know. We do know that the economic necessity created by the workmen's-compensation laws drove most other employers to some organized effort at accident prevention and that these laws today provide the principal stimulus for accident prevention.

Up to the time of the Steel Corporation's demonstration, accidents in industry were generally regarded as inherent and unavoidable "hazards of the trade." Their frequent occurrence in a plant cast no reflection on the management, nor were they recognized as any serious liability. The situation is described by Arthur Williams, president of the American Museum of Safety, thus:

> In those days human life was the cheapest thing in this country. Men were treated with less concern than animals in industry, and when we first began to take an interest in accident prevention we were charged with being socialistic.

Workmen's-compensation laws, the publicity given to the fine showings of the Steel Corporation, and the zeal of some of the early safety men changed all that. Safety associations began to spring up: first, the Safety Institute of America, in New York, then the National Safety Council, in Chicago, the American Society of Safety Engineers, with branches in various cities, and numerous local safety councils. A new profession was created, a profession which today numbers some five to ten thousand men in all its various ranks.

The handicap under which most of these men are working was tersely told way back in 1921 by C. P. Tolman, consulting engineer of New York City, who was at that time chief engineer and chairman of the Manufacturing Committee of the National Lead Company and president of the National Safety Council. Speaking before a joint meeting of the Cleveland Engineering Society and the Engineering Section of the National Safety Council, he said:

> Usually the engineer is required to make the plant as safe as possible, with the following stipulations:
> he must not interrupt operations;
> he must do nothing which would decrease output;
> he must do nothing which would increase cost;

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he must not make changes of a character or in a manner to cause labor troubles;

he must not make changes which would affect the character of the product.

Otherwise he has free rein. This seems to leave little chance for accomplishment, but hundreds of safety men are doing effective safety work under just such restrictions.

Nine years later—just a few days ago—I reminded Mr. Tolman of this statement and asked to what extent it described conditions in industry today. His answer was: "It is just as true today as it was in 1921—despite the fact that there is nothing in the safety movement which, if properly done, need interfere with production. In fact the contrary is true."

The Press Today

IV. The Chain Daily*

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

TO whom the credit belongs for starting the first chain of dailies is a moot question. The pioneer was probably Edward W. Scripps, who in 1875 was associated with his brother in the founding of the Detroit *News*. Three years later he established the Cleveland *Press*, which was in turn followed by the Cincinnati *Post*. These were the leaders in a chain which is now the largest in the country, numbering twenty-five dailies including the New York *Telegram*, with the Ira C. Copley holdings and the Hearst chain following with twenty-two dailies each. Altogether fifty-five chains are listed by the *Editor and Publisher*, but as seventeen of these comprise only two dailies each, they ought really to be deducted. No one, for example, considers Mr. Ochs the owner of a chain because he possesses the New York *Times* and the Chattanooga *Times*; nor can the Pulitzer group, the New York morning and evening *World* and the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* be rightly included.

All told there are sixteen major groups comprising five or more dailies each. Besides the Hearst, Copley, and Scripps-Howard chains, the more important are the Macfadden, Paul Block, Booth, Brush-Moore, Cox, Fentress-Marsh, Gannett, Howe, Lee Syndicate, Macy-Forbes, Lindsay-Nunn, Palmer, Stauffer, Thompson, Ridder Brothers, and Scripps-Canfield. Even here, however, it is to be noticed that some of these are entirely within one State and comprise small-town papers only; thus, all but two of the Macy-Forbes newspapers are in Westchester County, New York. The list naturally takes no account of the weekly newspapers which may also belong to the owner of a chain. As this article is written comes the news of the purchase of a group of thirty-five weeklies, semi-weeklies, and small dailies in Ohio by the "Ohio News, Inc.," whose real ownership is not yet revealed. In most cases the desire to own a large string is evident. No one can say just how rapidly a chain may grow. Colonel Copley, for instance, is reported to have bought his eighteen California dailies in a day after having withdrawn nearly all his millions from certain public-utility companies through which he had amassed his fortune. His remaining four dailies are in Illinois and of a distinctly different kind from his small-town California properties.

Here we have a characteristic of a number of chains—a lack of balance. The Scripps-Howard dailies seem better coordinated and more wisely distributed than any other; unlike Mr. Hearst the owners of this chain do not own more than one daily in a town. They are thus represented in twenty-five cities, whereas Mr. Hearst's dark journalistic shadow has happily as yet fallen upon but eighteen. Curiously enough, the Fentress-Marsh chain seems not to go into a city until it acquires all the dailies or the only daily in that town. Other chains are curiously put together. For example, the Ridder brothers, the sons of the late Hermann Ridder of the *Staats-Zeitung*, have added to that daily such diverse journals as the New York *Herold* (also German language), the New York *Journal of Commerce*, a business daily, the Jamaica, New York, *Long Island Press*, the historic St. Paul, Minnesota, *Pioneer-Press*, the St. Paul *Dispatch*, the Aberdeen, South Dakota, *American* and *News*, and the Paterson, New Jersey, *Press-Guardian*, besides holding a minority interest in the Seattle *Times*.

The most striking rise of a chain is undoubtedly that of the Frank E. Gannett group, now sixteen in number, of which all but two are published in New York State. It includes such important dailies as the Brooklyn *Eagle*, the Hartford, Connecticut, *Times*, one of the two or three most influential newspapers in New England, and the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle* and *Times-Union*. Mr. Gannett's experiment is the more interesting because he has made use of the new technique of selling bonds and preferred stocks to the public and keeping control through the possession of the common stocks, doubtless with the expectation of making such savings in costs by large-scale purchases, by using one Washington office for the entire group, and other economies, as to be able speedily to buy out the public. That, aside from the question of personal power, is the chief lure of the chain.

It is still too early to assert that the newspaper chain has finally demonstrated its financial stability. Several of them are suffering a good deal in the present depression, which has severely affected the advertising of practically all Eastern dailies. It is easy to carry a combination of dailies when conditions are good throughout the country; it may become a dangerous burden when times are bad. The Hearst chain has a number of very weak links. There is nothing, for instance, about his morning dailies in Washington or New York to indicate prosperity, and there is a general belief that if he could find some means of giving away the New York *American* without too great loss of prestige it would be done. Baltimore is still a weak spot for him, and so are one or two of the up-State New York cities, this despite the fact that his

* The fourth of a series of articles on the American press. The fifth, on the standardization of the daily, will appear in our issue of June 4.—EDITOR THE NATION.

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business management has been much improved during the past several years. Mr. Gannett has had difficulty with the Brooklyn *Eagle,* for which he probably paid too much—the prices of dailies have been as much inflated since 1920 as were farm lands in the boom war years. It was to finance the purchase of the *Eagle* that Mr. Gannett procured a loan of $2,000,000 from the International Paper and Power Company and its "public-spirited" president. When the fact was brought out and the transaction was severely criticized, Mr. Gannett felt it to be his duty to obtain the money elsewhere in order to repay the paper trust. Other reasons also have combined to make the situation of the *Eagle* a difficult one.

Except in the case of Mr. Hearst, who increased his holdings rapidly in the days when he sought to be Governor of New York and President of the United States, I do not feel that political motives have played any great part in this newspaper development, certainly not at all in Mr. Gannett's case. Mr. Gannett was once asked if he had in mind any definite purpose in creating his chain, such as the endeavor to influence public opinion in increasing measure. His reply was in the negative; he merely enjoyed enlarging his personal field of activity. He had no more conscious motive than that which leads a man to buy six more drug-stores if he has made a success of one or two. Undoubtedly the newspaper chain is as much a response to an economic urge or tide as the recent grouping of railroads and the development of the chain cigar or food stores. It is in the air; it is part of the transformation of almost every business which is going on under our eyes, and if it had not been Scripps, Gannett, or Copley, it would have been someone else. The economic drift is what counts—the nation-wide combinations to decrease competition, to restrain trade, and to deal in larger and larger units. There was at bottom no reason to expect that the newspaper business would be spared by the economic forces which are remodeling our industrial life and making the relationship of government to the staggering combinations of capital the paramount issue of the day.

If there is as yet no deliberate planning of newspaper chains to control opinion there is no reason why this could not be undertaken. It is already quite in the power of rich men to buy all the dailies in the smaller States—there are only three in Delaware, six in Wyoming, five in Idaho, twenty-two in Alabama, and thirty-six in Washington. Henry Ford could long ago have purchased the sixty dailies in Michigan with the exception of the very rich Detroit *News,* with but a portion of one year's income. Since there are forty-eight towns and cities in Michigan which possess only one daily journal apiece, despite the theory that this is a government by two political parties, the opportunity must be pretty obvious to those with political ambitions. The purchase of the California chain of Colonel Copley was attributed by some to a desire to control public opinion in southern California in favor of the power interests, but this was denied by his employees. The relative worth of the chain, and whether it is a gain or a menace, will depend upon the personal equation, the character and the aims of the owners.

So far it is impossible to say that any one chain has been used for specific anti-social or reactionary propaganda, if we omit the Hearst dailies. The Scripps-Howard newspapers are usually liberal, and most friendly to reform movements. It is a pity that their reporting is sometimes poor, their make-up and typography wretched. They sorely lack high standards in these respects, but their answer is the old one—"We must stoop to get circulations in order to put our ideas over." Even the New York *Telegram* lacks typographical distinction and is messy; yet the New York *Times* has made its great success while adhering to typographical dignity and taste, with the *Herald Tribune* following its example. None of the chains, again excepting Hearst, strive for typographical uniformity. It would be welcome if a format of beauty and distinction were to be adopted by one of them; but those two qualities have largely disappeared from the American press.

By using the new technique of getting the public to advance some of the money while the promoter himself holds control there is no reason whatever why we may not see a chain of one hundred dailies controlled by one man. Theoretically at least; whether this would work out well practically is doubted by many. Yet the steady progress of the Scripps-Howard syndicate, despite certain weak members, would seem to prove that it is no more impossible than the creation by one owner of a group of five hundred grocery or five-and-ten-cent stores. I can see no valid reasons why we should not have much larger chains and, I believe, we shall see them when those having great stakes in the present economic system are sufficiently enriched or sufficiently frightened by the specter of radicalism to seek more directly to control public opinion. Here is where the danger lies. In this connection the action of the International Paper and Power Company in buying its way into a number of dailies in 1928 and 1929, and lending much money to newspaper owners, including Mr. Gannett, is highly suggestive. The purpose of this new policy, the president of the company said in his own defense, was simply to assure to the company steady customers for its paper. But the outcry within the press and the disapproval of the public were so great that he was speedily compelled to change his mind about the advisability of this policy and to get out of the newspaper business. Similarly persistent and at times successful efforts by the power lobbyists to get their hooks into daily newspapers are a warning of a tendency that must be guarded against if the press is not to become merely a creature of the great capitalists. It is, heaven knows, today sufficiently in the clutch of the forces which make for reaction and the support of the status quo.

Again, the question of absentee ownership sometimes plays a considerable part in the development of the chain. Some of the smaller communities resent the control of their dailies by men living elsewhere. This is not, however, a universal feeling. There might, however, well be dissatisfaction in Pittsburgh, where all three of the dailies remaining in a city which had seven morning and evening newspapers only a few years ago are now owned by capitalists residing elsewhere—the Scripps-Howard Syndicate, Hearst, and Paul Block. At bottom the owners of the Hearst and Block Pittsburgh newspapers have no more direct interest in the city than have the owners of chain cigar stores. It is true that there are always editorial writers to deal with local problems; that the staffs are still largely made up of local men. The owners of the Scripps-Howard papers make every effort to tie up their editors with the local interests of the cities in which their papers are situated. Local autonomy is the watchword and it is generally lived up to, except in national affairs. The local Scripps-Howard editor is given help to buy an interest in the paper and is expected to spend the rest of his life in its service. He is constantly urged to

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"know your town" and "feel its pulse." Scripps-Howard editors are, however, freely transferred from one city to another. It still seems impossible that there should be quite the same relationship of the daily to its community that exists when the paper is owned by a local man known to all his fellow-citizens, to be seen at local gatherings, and to be held directly accountable to local opinions and desires. It would seem as though no community of the size of Pittsburgh could rest happy under such conditions. They seem to me intolerable.

On the other hand, defenders of the chain allege that there is a certain advantage in this freedom of a chain editor from local entanglements—social, business, and financial. While it was always Mr. Scripps's idea that his editors might purchase stock in the papers they were serving he rigidly ruled that they should not invest their savings in other enterprises which would interfere with their complete freedom of opinion and action. He wished them to be exclusively and only newspapermen. Another view is expressed by Eugene A. Howe of the Howe Newspapers (chiefly located in Texas, where the chain idea is being developed most rapidly and successfully). "I think," he states, "that it doesn't matter who owns a newspaper as long as it is operated vigorously and honestly. The average reader doesn't bother about the paper's masthead. Give him a judicious selection of news and features, give him a good newspaper, and he is satisfied. And the paper usually will be a profitable investment. . . . We are still experimenting in Texas, but we feel we are going a long way in establishing group dailies."

There remains, however, the question of the editorial opinions of a chain of newspapers. Here we have three distinct policies. The Scripps-Howard dailies, while free to deal with local issues, all conform to the national editorial opinions formulated by chief editorial writers, or, as in the case of their support of Herbert Hoover for the Presidency (which they are presumed to be repenting in sackcloth and ashes), as a result of an editorial convention and a free vote of all the editors. Mr. Hearst's editors reflect his own contradictory and changing views and personal whims. Frank Gannett, however, does not alter the political policies of the papers he purchases. Thus the Hartford, Connecticut, *Times* remains Democratic, and the Brooklyn *Eagle* independent Democratic, while most of the others are Republican. Mr. Gannett is a convinced and sincere dry; it will be interesting to see if it will be possible for him to allow some of his papers to take the opposite viewpoint if the question of prohibition becomes still more acute. His policy seems to me entirely ethical and quite defensible. It is certainly unusual for an owner to grant to his editors the complete freedom of opinion and expression which Mr. Gannett permits.

In another situation, that in which the same company controls all the dailies in one city, the question is a bit more difficult. Thus, in Springfield, Massachusetts, all four papers are owned by one company. Two are Republican in politics, one Democratic, and one independent. Where the facts are known and where, as in Springfield, there is an honest and aboveboard endeavor to advocate the policies of the two political parties and no effort is made to hide the real ownership, it would seem that no criticism could lie against this procedure. Different is the case, cited by Senator B. K. Wheeler of Montana, of a town in that State in which both the dailies, one Republican and one Democratic, were none the less owned by the same mining company, their respective opposing editorials being written by the same hireling!

As for the standardization of the dailies which results from ownership of groups, I shall touch upon that in another article. It is necessary to point out here only that this is the inevitable result—and a specially desired one—of the amalgamations. Herein lies part of the great opportunity to make savings by supplying the same cartoons, illustrations, rotogravure sections, and articles. These savings are not always realized, as for example in the case of white paper, for which a standard price has now supposedly been fixed for all purchasers, large or small, who do not have their own mills and must buy of the large companies. But in the main it would seem as if enormous economies could be made.

It cannot be maintained that the chain development is a healthy one from the point of view of the general public. Any tendency which makes toward restriction, standardization, or the concentrating of editorial power in one hand is to be watched with concern. For the ideal journalistic state of a republic, especially where the two-party system prevails, is one in which papers may easily be created by single individuals, as Horace Greeley established the *Tribune* and Alexander Hamilton's friends the New York *Evening Post,* to rise and disappear if need be. If the coordination of the press with the current urge for larger and larger combinations is inevitable, it is regrettable if only because this makes it additionally harder for the man of small fortune to start a daily and compete successfully for public support. That this chain development is an international phenomenon does not alter the situation.

It has gone farthest in Great Britain, where three groups, those of Rothermere, Beaverbrook, and the Berry Brothers, now dominate the press, and inform or misinform perhaps 80 per cent of the reading public. It is not impossible that within twenty years or less we shall see these three groups owned by a single company or individual. When that comes to pass the government will have to take cognizance of the existence of a power to control and inform opinion that may prove superior to its own—an impossible situation. No independent daily comes up for sale in England today without the existing three groups bidding for it. The Hugenberg chain in Germany is so large and powerful as to have worried many persons lest it menace the existence of the new republican institutions. Even in South Africa the chain tendency is apparent. Thus, the three leading evening journals, the *Star* of Johannesburg, the *Cape Argus* of Capetown, and the *Natal Advertiser* of Durban, belong to the same company, which also owns the *Diamond Fields Advertiser* of Kimberley and *The Friend* of Bloemfontein, besides controlling the two leading dailies of Rhodesia.

The formation of a British company in 1928 for the purpose of owning British dailies and buying into newspaper properties in other countries foreshadows the international chain. Its mere organization aroused a storm of protest in France, and led to the immediate threat in Paris of a law to prevent the holding of any shares of a French daily by foreigners. The heated and, I believe, totally false charges in this country, during and after the war, that a portion of our press is, or was, under British control is proof of the deep feeling which would be aroused if it should appear that foreigners were seeking to control our American sources of information.

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The Supreme Court Victory

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

WHETHER the country has "turned the corner" and is now on its way back to that brummagem prosperity which obviously constitutes Herbert Hoover's sole ideal of the national destiny is open to serious doubt. What does it matter, when profound hopes are springing from other ground? The Senate's act in rejecting the nomination of John J. Parker for the Supreme Court may easily be regarded as the most encouraging event in domestic politics since before the war. It is true that a single victory does not always decide a campaign, and the margin in this case was uncomfortably narrow. Nevertheless, Parker's defeat definitely suggests that the impenetrable apathy which has characterized the public's attitude toward the public's business during the past ten years is vanishing at last before a revival of the intelligent and progressive interest which the war effectually crushed. The unsuccessful fight on Charles Evans Hughes and the successful fight on Parker were inseparable phases of the same event, one leading inevitably to the other. The event itself was nothing less than a general uprising against the national plunderbund which has been operating under the protection of decisions handed down by the reactionary majority of the Supreme Court. All the fatuous revilings of stall-fed editors and all the labored explanations of journalistic boy scouts cannot obscure the fact. Senators found that the attack on Hughes, contrary to what many had dreaded, was immensely popular with the folks at home. They found that public reverence for the former corporation attorneys comprising the court majority was a myth. Once that discovery was made the lid was off. The opposition to Hughes rested largely on resentment against the conditions which enable public-utility corporations to earn enormous profits on fictitious property values. Opposition to Parker was inspired largely by knowledge of the atrocious abuse to which the power of injunction has been subjected by class-conscious or corrupt judges in labor disputes. In each instance the evil existed by the authority and with the consent of the Supreme Court majority. In short, this was the same fight that Abraham Lincoln waged after the Dred Scott decision—a fight to reverse the policies of the court, either by impressing its members with the necessity of adopting more enlightened views or by replacing them with more enlightened men. And, in my humble judgment, it has just begun.

* * * * *

THE next step will be a determined effort on the part of Senators Norris, Borah, and Walsh (of Montana) to obtain action on the Shipstead anti-injunction bill, a measure comprehensively designed to end just such abuses as formed the subject of debate in the Parker fight, and many others in addition. Thus the bill—applying, of course, only to federal courts—would prohibit the issuance of injunctions based on the existence of "yellow-dog" contracts, such as Judge Parker upheld in the Red Jacket case; it would prohibit injunctions restraining workers from quitting their jobs, or joining unions, or receiving strike benefits; it would forbid the issuance of injunctions in labor disputes until the complainants had made every reasonable effort to settle; it would forbid the issuance of injunctions to preserve order unless local peace officers testified that order could not be maintained by ordinary means; it would forbid the issuance of injunctions in any case unless it were shown that the injury resulting from failure to enjoin would exceed that resulting from issuance of an injunction; it would insure jury trials in cases of criminal contempt arising from labor disputes, and it would prohibit any judge from hearing a case of contempt alleged to have been committed against his own court unless it were committed in his presence, thus abolishing the disgraceful procedure, so often employed against newspapers, in which the judge acts as complainant, prosecutor, jury, and judge. For ten days Senatorial defenders of Judge Parker have been declaiming on the Senate floor that the proper way to end the injunction evil is by legislation. Soon—perhaps before this appears—they will be confronted with precisely such proposed legislation. Remember their names—Fess of Ohio, Gillett of Massachusetts, Overman and Simmons of North Carolina, Hebert of Rhode Island, Hastings of Delaware, Waterman of Colorado—and watch how they vote on the Shipstead bill!

* * * * *

MEANTIME, consider the pathetic plight of Mr. Hoover. The fact that he suffered a disastrous licking the very first time he elected to stand up and fight has confirmed the opinion so widely held among practical men of his own party that he simply doesn't know the first elements of the game. The fact that he chose to stake his personal prestige on an attempt to elevate a mediocre lawyer-politician to the Supreme Bench, in an effort to strengthen himself politically in North Carolina, vindicates the judgment long held by other persons that the Great Engineer is more deeply concerned with political considerations than any man who has been in the White House during the present century—not excluding the cunning little Calvin. In selecting Parker he completely ignored the warning conveyed by the Hughes fight. In refusing subsequently to withdraw him he rejected the advice of the shrewdest leaders of his party, preferring to rely on his own judgment, fortified with the sycophantic assurances of the political "yes men" who surround him. Never did that ardent letter-writer, Assistant Secretary of the Interior Joe Dixon, utter more prophetic words than when he declared that the nomination of Parker would be "a major political stroke." His only failure was to foresee who would be struck. He never dreamed it would be the "Chief" himself, although the probability was obvious enough to such ordinary politicians as Jim Watson and Charlie McNary. The White House reaction to the result was such as to leave few dry eyes outside the Senate. Rage gave away to self-pity, and self-pity to despair. By turns the "boy scouts" declared that the Senate had been actuated by envy of a Superior Intellect; that political cowardice had produced treachery on the part of such regulars as Vandenberg, Deneen, Glenn, Robinson, and Robsion; that subversive elements were bent on undermining the

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government by destroying public confidence in the President and the courts, but more particularly in the President; that the whole thing was a Democratic plot; that the whole thing was a Norris-Borah plot, and so on, and so on. Woe unto Israel! It never seemed to occur to any of them that Parker might have been rejected because of his patent and almost universally recognized unfitness.

* * * * *

APPARENTLY the idea eventually occurred to Mr. Hoover, however. At any rate, he definitely abandoned the attempt to play politics with the appointment when he gave it to Owen J. Roberts. As one who associated rather intimately with Mr. Roberts throughout six years of litigation over the Teapot Dome and Elk Hills oil leases, I do not hesitate to say that he will be the most valuable addition to the court since Justice Brandeis joined it. If not a liberal in the constructive sense in which Holmes and Brandeis are liberals, he is at least an intelligent conservative, thoroughly honest and utterly independent. His point of view has never been identified with that of the railroads, the power companies, or any other predatory interest. He has taken an active and unselfish interest in the reform of judicial procedure, and he has been fastidious about accepting retainers—as, for example, when he refused a very handsome offer from the power trust to appear before a Senate committee during the time when he was acting as special government counsel in the oil case. His judgments will never be mere echoes of the devious sophistries of Mr. Chief Justice Hughes. For making such a nomination—undoubtedly the best of his entire administration—President Hoover is entitled to whatever credit may properly accrue to an executive who chooses a good man after learning to his sorrow that no other kind will be accepted.

* * * * *

IN THESE stirring times in the capital there is much to report, but space in a high-class publication of *The Nation's* type is necessarily limited, and when the inexorable blue pencil descends my choicest phrases are always the ones to suffer. Hence, to condense: The Department of Justice, fidgeting uneasily before the stern glance of the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee, mumbles that it expects to do something pretty soon about the Radio Trust. The Lobby Committee discloses that the righteous revolt against Rum and Romanism which Bishop Cannon led in Virginia in 1928 was planned by foxy Bascom Slemp and financed by a New York millionaire who admits that his record of his contributions does not quite tally with the Bishop's reports, notwithstanding that holy man's careful instructions to him on how to make them conform. Dr. Scott McBride, head of the Anti-Saloon League, denies that he lobbies in Washington, although I recall one occasion not many years since when the reverend doctor made the round of dry Congressmen's offices, beseeching them, in the league's name, to vote against the impeachment of Federal Judge George W. English, who nevertheless was later impeached on charges of corruption and misconduct. The Couzens resolution prohibiting further railroad consolidations until Congress shall legislate on the subject appears in a fair way to pass the Senate at this session. But let us pause for breath and reflection. It nearly all boils down to the fact that the government is still in the hands of the same combination of political adventurers, party hacks, and agents of big business that has been running the show in Washington for the last ten years. What is really new in the situation is that the public apparently is beginning to understand it, and resent it.

In the Driftway

ANNOUNCEMENT is made from London that on May 19 Paul Robeson will open in "Othello," with Sybil Thorndike as Emilia. The Drifter is strongly tempted to drop everything and rush across the Atlantic for this momentous event. Othello is one of the finest acting parts in the theater; and Paul Robeson is one of the most moving, dramatic, and powerful of modern actors, with a magnificent voice and physique. Moreover, he is black-skinned. The Moor of Venice was probably lighter in color; but to have the part played by a Negro is eminently right and just.

* * * * *

THERE will be fewer persons in London than there would be in America to gasp at sight of a pale white Desdemona being smothered by a black Moor. Indeed, we have probably attained to sufficient sanity on the Negro question even in the United States to be able to witness such a performance without wincing—except in certain sections of the intransigeant South. Robeson will not be the first Negro to play Othello with a white company. About 1835 Ira Aldridge, born in Maryland, played the role with great acclaim in London and throughout Europe. If Aldridge played in this country the Drifter has not heard of it. Indeed, it is inconceivable that, except with a Negro company, a performance of "Othello" would have been permitted while slavery was in its heyday; and if Negroes had performed it probably only Negroes would have witnessed it. In the latter respect we have come a long way on the road of race toleration. Even in Atlanta, even in the fastnesses of Richmond, Roland Hayes sings to an applauding white audience. It is true that he has the greatest difficulty in securing decent hotel accommodations, not only in the South but in Northern cities as well. But that, of course, is another matter.

* * * * *

THIS difference was made only too plain to another Negro performer while he was in the very act of being honored for his art. Charles Gilpin, who died on May 6, became famous over night for his performance of the Emperor Jones in Eugene O'Neill's play of that name. He was celebrated as the greatest Negro actor of his time, and in 1921 was selected by the New York Drama League as one of the ten who had contributed most to the art of the theater. A dinner was to be given for the chosen ten. And rumors got about that Gilpin was to be asked not to attend. A heartening protest from other guests was the result. But this, and many things as preposterous, have happened in the battle between black and white. If Paul Robeson plays Othello in New York, as it is announced he has contracted to do; if Lillian Gish, who has been suggested for the part, plays Desdemona, we shall count it a step forward. It will be a great dramatic spectacle. And it will be, in addition, a milestone in the struggle of a race.

THE DRIFTER

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Correspondence

"The Green Pastures"

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: When I read Mr. Joseph Wood Krutch's ecstatic review of "The Green Pastures," in which he commends Mr. Marc Connelly for having achieved "this Negro version of Christian mythology," I felt constrained as one of Negro birth to make this statement concerning the true worth of Mr. Connelly's play, not as a play, but as a representation of the Negro's religious belief.

"The Green Pastures" no more represents the untutored Negro's conception of God and heaven than it represents a Chinese's idea of Confucianism. Those of us who are bound by ties of blood, who have lived in the South, and who therefore truly know the Negro, realize that when the Negro whom Mr. Connelly represents visualizes God, he visualizes Him not as a kindly preacher of his own race but as an anemic-looking *white* gentleman with golden beard and flowing hair, garbed in a long nightshirt with bishop sleeves! In other words, the unlettered Negro pictures his Heavenly Father in terms of the cheap chromo representations of God that are hawked by gimlet-eyed white peddlers through the Negro quarters of the South. To such Negroes not only God but the cherubs also are white. I know of a Negro preacher who almost disrupted his congregation by ordering for his remodeled church stained-glass windows picturing black cherubs!

The reason for such a conception on the part of the Negro is simple enough. Has he not spent his life in a country where to be black is to be despised? Is it therefore likely that he will want to take such a handicap with him to heaven? Oh, no! The untutored Negro looks upon death as a great emancipator who will usher him into a heaven where he will blossom out in all that this world holds dear—fair faces, golden hair; where the toil of this life will be forgotten in endless hours of ease; where there will be not a "fish fry" but a celestial banquet of milk and honey. To him, heaven will be no prosperous Negro lawyer's office with battered roll-top desk, as Mr. Connelly would have you believe. It will be to him a place with shining golden streets and crystal seas, walled in with jasper and sapphire and chalcedony and emerald. A holy place that will need no scrubbing. Work will be no more.

As one of Negro birth who therefore knows the Negro far better than either Mr. Connelly or Mr. Bradford, I can assure you that the Negro does not interpret the life beyond in terms of his present-day existence. Let the dramatic critics appraise "The Green Pastures" as a white man's conception of the Negro's conception of religion and heaven.

Washington, May 1 Mary Burrill

"An Admirable Guide"

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have read with keen interest Mr. Villard's second article on the Associated Press. May I take this opportunity, as a journalist, of saying how much I enjoy reading your paper for its good taste and its scholarship no less than for its fearless independence, so refreshing in these degenerate days. We find it extremely useful, too, in conducting the Reuter service from this country, as an admirable guide to American liberal opinion on all matters of public interest.

New York, May 1 Bernard Rickatson-Hatt,
Chief Correspondent for the United States

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Books, Music, Drama

Invocation to the Phoenix

By STANLEY J. KUNITZ

Soul of my soul, in the Egyptian wood
Where all the trees were loosened of their leaves
I strayed, uncovering my winter form;

Webbed in a dream, stagnating like a worm,
Offensive to myself, to the gray bird-drifts
Melting from the boughs with rhyming calls;

Ancient and hoarse, beslimed, glued to a rock
Five hundred years, fainting, struggling with mist
Self-woven, issue of death, ghost of my name—

Heard then the pods clack hollow blistered skins
Where blowzy nest, where musty honeycomb
Tipped in the blowing summer of your fame.

Now is sweet thunder-clearing; wet leaves gush
From buried roots; gleam of your eyes, by day
Harsh solar gold, and night's bleached lunar stone.

Fleet iridescent particle, red brain
Blue-ruffed with blaze, make me your sanctuary,
Your destruction, pyre of your mutable design;

For I have known attrition in the rains,
Endured the conjugations of the stars,
Yet, Circler, one incendiary vein

I have defended, purified, to slake
You in the burning, whose demonic beak
The clasp of bone about my heart O break!

Style and Thought

Between the Lines. By H. M. Tomlinson. Harvard University Press. $1.25.

WHEN English authors come to our shores to lecture and to make money, there is surely nothing reprehensible about it, particularly if they happen to have such qualities of mind and heart as Mr. Tomlinson. Nor is there anything but commendable candor in the prefatory announcement to the present little volume: "The address printed in the following pages was delivered at Princeton University, Yale University, D'Youville College, Cornell University, and Columbia University; and, in its present form, to members of the Harvard Union." That is efficiency and sound economy. The address, moreover, was worth using more than once. It must have charmed the bodies to which it was delivered, for it is dulcetly written, and it adheres to no single set dogmatic theme, but winds gracefully over some of the major problems of literature and life.

Yet a man who speaks before a sea of upturned faces is inevitably tempted to be eloquent, and eloquence is sometimes the enemy of precision. Mr. Tomlinson, I fear, has yielded to this temptation in his discussion of literary style. The result is a series of questionable generalizations. "It is certain," he remarks, "that a great writer never worries about his style." Now I cannot imagine any question about which there could be less certainty. How can we know how much any given writer worried about his style? It is one of those questions on which only positive evidence is possible. We can know, from diaries, corrections of proof or original manuscript, letters or verbal confessions to friends, or printed confessions to the public, whether a writer *did* worry about his style; we are never in a position to say with complete confidence that he did not.

"The importance of what [the great writer] has to say," continues Mr. Tomlinson, "controls him, and his chief anxiety is that we should clearly understand it. If that does not give him style, then nothing can; and if style is there, then it will be in accord with the importance of his message." Now it may be true that clarity is the primary virtue of prose; yet one cannot help noting that it is a virtue within the grasp of quite commonplace writers. Moreover, it does not seem to be the virtue that most frequently attracts our attention to great styles. It is surely not the most salient characteristic of the prose of Sir Thomas Browne, or of Carlyle, or Pater, or Henry James, or Doughty, or Santayana, or James Joyce. None of these styles convince one that merely making himself understood is the chief anxiety of the great writer.

"It is certain that a great writer never worries about his style." But Stevenson, as we know, spent most of his youth worrying about it, and if we deny that Stevenson was a great writer, or even a good writer, we cannot so easily dismiss the Paters and Flauberts. "Only a bad style," concludes Mr. Tomlinson, "can come of artful deliberation, as Oscar Wilde and others have shown." And this seems to me the most dubious of all Mr. Tomlinson's generalizations. For nearly all the prose writers I have just mentioned—Sir Thomas Browne, Pater, Henry James, Doughty, Santayana, Joyce—seem to me to write with "artful deliberation," as do also Jeremy Taylor, Addison, Sterne, Burke, Gibbon, Johnson, Lamb, De Quincey, Newman, Borrow, Emerson, Jowett, Thoreau, Hudson, Beerbohm, Strachey. And *all* poetry, even the most "natural," is the product of "artful deliberation." Not even Keats thought spontaneously in sonnets, i. e., in fourteen five-foot, iambic lines rhyming. Pope, whom it is once more becoming respectable to admire, would surely not have spoken so disrespectfully of artful deliberation, nor was his chief concern always the importance of what he had to say, but rather the manner in which he said it:

> True wit is nature to advantage dressed,
> What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed.

Or again:

> True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
> As those move easiest who have learned to dance.

And was even Oscar Wilde's a bad style? Mr. Tomlinson may not like it, but he should not forget that unless it had had some qualities to make it eminent in its generation he would never have heard of it. Without artful deliberation Wilde would scarcely have been Wilde. In any event, the distinction is not so much between artful deliberation and the lack of it as between bad and good artful deliberation.

There is a sense in which Mr. Tomlinson is profoundly right when he falls back upon the ancient conclusion that style is not a writer's "dress, but the essential man, the man even his friends may not know." A distinguished style can be written only by a distinguished mind; a great style can come only from a great mind. I can no more imagine a writer with a genuinely admirable style and a commonplace mind than I can imagine a triangular circle. The greater part of the beauty of fine writing

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is the beauty of the thought itself. But the reverse is not necessarily true. A distinguished mind does not necessarily write a distinguished prose; we hardly need the Deweys and Dreisers to remind us that a man who has something important to say does not necessarily say it well. Those who make a complete separation of "style" and "matter" are, it is true, as ill-acquainted with the true nature of the art they deal with as the farmer who builds himself a house and then sends to the city for a man to put on the architecture. Style is not a pretty coat of paint that a writer lays on his thought; it is the very form of the thought. But it is not, as Mr. Tomlinson appears to assume, identical with the thought. It is one thing to decry the false separation of style and matter, it is another to announce that they are synonyms. This is simply the fallacy of declaring that whatever is not white must be black; it is the fallacy into which not only Mr. Tomlinson, but writers as different as Arnold Bennett and Croce have recently fallen. When we talk of a writer's style we are talking of that writer from a different aspect than when we talk of his ideas. To destroy this distinction is merely to invite hopeless confusion.

HENRY HAZLITT

"O Bright Young People!"

Vile Bodies. By Evelyn Waugh. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.50.

THIS is the kind of book that assures you, in a desperate sort of way, that it is funny. It is modeled, pretty consciously, upon the early Aldous Huxley—the Huxley, that is to say, of "Crome Yellow" and, more noticeably, "Antic Hay"; not the sad Huxley of the moment, whose touch has become so oppressive since he borrowed Mr. Wells's ouija board and achieved intimacy with God. Mr. Waugh, too, has heard the thunder on the usual Sinai: "Vile Bodies" has predicatory implications, the same hangover tone that spoiled "Point Counter Point," but Mr. Waugh has little of Huxley's wit and none of his substance. While it was possible to forgive the latter's taking himself so seriously by reflecting that after all he *had* created something to be serious about, it is difficult to excuse Mr. Waugh for wrenching good slapstick into tragi-comedy.

As satire the book is no less a failure. First of all, Mr. Waugh displays none of the élan that distinguishes the true satirist from the caricaturist. For all its brilliance the writing lacks vitality. The invention is tired, and effects are too often got by recourse to the devices of slapstick exaggeration. Again, the satire is self-conscious satire, which destroys itself. What made "Crome Yellow" so effective, for example, was its utter lack of apparent purpose. One never felt that Huxley was deliberately *meaning* anything; least of all was one conscious of him as the imminent critic of his characters. One is constantly aware, however, of the presence of Mr. Waugh: usually he is felt only in casual turns of expression, the occasional laying on of effect upon conscious effect; but sometimes he descends to the whimsical footnote, and at least once to the bombastic apostrophe: "O Bright Young People!" Successful satire must be impersonal (the "I" of "Gulliver" is dissociate from Swift) and either entirely improbable ("Gulliver" again, and "Alice"), qua history, or entirely probable ("Crome Yellow," "Antic Hay"). "Vile Bodies" is none of these.

If Mr. Waugh had not tried to do so much, if he had been content to amuse, without attempting to devastate, if he had been content to laugh, without essaying a prophetic sneer at the same time, his book would be diverting in a cockeyed sort of way. It is acceptable comic knowledge that men and women drink to be drunk and sometimes sleep together; that female evangelists are often hypocrites and society editors occasionally unreliable; that movie directors are not invariably sincere artists; that many clergymen are smug, many wives adulteresses, many statesmen lechers, and many dowagers boors. And it is always pleasing to know that what used to be called the "lost generation," before it went humanist, is still energetically losing itself. It is a pity that Mr. Waugh felt that more than these ingredients was needed. Because of its weight of satiric and tragic exaggeration, "Vile Bodies" neither amuses nor instructs. It is not of the type of true stories, but of *True Stories.*

DUDLEY FITTS

The Federal Reserve System

The Federal Reserve System: Its Origin and Growth. Reflections and Recollections. By Paul M. Warburg. The Macmillan Company. Two volumes. $12.

PAUL M. WARBURG'S two imposing volumes on the Federal Reserve System are at once a historical document of the very first importance, a theoretical treatise of extraordinary interest, and a valuable manual of detailed advice for financiers and statesmen. The essential facts of the origin and early development of the Federal Reserve System are established beyond the possibility of successful question. The theoretical foundations of that system are set forth with extraordinary clarity of thought and elegance of exposition. The dangers threatening the system and the practical methods of avoiding them are pointed out with a directness and simplicity that make unnecessary any parade of the profound knowledge of fact and theory underlying the suggestions.

Mr. Warburg, of course, is the spiritual and intellectual father of the Federal Reserve System. When he came to the United States in 1902 we had a so-called banking system that was nothing more than a mob of banks, and we regarded this disorderly rout as the very palladium of our liberties and as distinguishing us from the effete monarchies of Europe. Conditions were ripe for a change, however, and Mr. Warburg, thoroughly trained in the sound banking theory and practice of the Continent, set himself with astonishing boldness, vision, and wisdom to the task of educating the bankers and politicians of his adopted country to overcome their century-old prejudices and utilize the experience of the Old World for the benefit of the New. To most men the undertaking would have appeared hopeless; yet in eleven years the Federal Reserve Act was a law. It is no depreciation of the other workers in the great task, but only a deserved tribute to a too modest man, to say that first credit for that achievement belongs to Paul M. Warburg. His book, now reluctantly given to the public, sets forth with a wealth of documentary evidence the principal steps in the campaign that led up to the Act of December 23, 1913, and certain important events of the years following, during which he served on the Federal Reserve Board. A highly valuable feature of the book consists in its assembling of practically all the author's important writings on banking reform.

In view of Senator Glass's apparent determination to assert exclusive Democratic, not to say Vitreous, property in the Federal Reserve Act, Mr. Warburg's just and generous observation is worth quoting:

> When the Democrats took up the fight for currency reform, the idea had already triumphed; but their own party had to be conquered. In this struggle and in the honor of having secured a great piece of financial legislation against the ignorance, prejudice, vagaries, and conceit at work within his own party ranks, Congressman Glass stood side by side and shared honors with the President.

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The deadly parallel columns in which Mr. Warburg sets down the texts of the National Reserve Association Bill (the Aldrich bill) and the Federal Reserve Act show clearly enough the debt that the Democrats in 1913 owed and the country today owes Senator Aldrich. As is repeatedly pointed out in this book, the question of personal credit is unimportant; the important thing is that the fundamental principles of sound banking embodied in the law be clearly recognized and tenaciously held.

It is Mr. Warburg's peculiar distinction that he was the first clearly to enunciate those principles, and he has displayed extraordinary skill and adaptability in helping to secure their acceptance in face of almost insuperable political difficulties. Today our better bankers and politicians, largely as a result of his preaching, have learned that the centralization of reserves and the mobilization of commercial paper are the essential characteristics of an effective central banking system.

The Federal Reserve System, as modified during the first five years of its existence, vindicated itself magnificently during the war. It has by no means wholly lived up to its opportunities during the peace, and the disastrous speculative smash of 1929 will forever remain as a monument to the weakness of the Federal Reserve Board, which could have stopped and ought to have stopped the runaway stock market, certainly not later than last spring. Mr. Warburg, in the discussion of this incident, as elsewhere in his book, sedulously refrains from individual criticism; but the attentive reader will have no difficulty in discovering the Harding Administration weakly yielding to political pressure in making appointments to the board, and the Coolidge Administration in general aiding in the effort, sometimes against the protests of some of the reserve banks, to boost the stock market and help the party of prosperity.

The great present peril of the system Mr. Warburg sees in the ever-present possibility of political, as opposed to disinterested banking, control. In order to avoid it he suggests certain changes which he has been urging in exactly their present form ever since 1922. The Secretary of the Treasury, it will be recalled, is ex officio chairman of the board. Mr. Warburg would remove him from the board entirely, substituting the Undersecretary, who would have more time for the board and less political prestige. The office of the Comptroller of the Currency he would have administered under control of the board, and the comptroller himself perhaps removed from membership on the board. The board itself should appoint its own governor and vice-governor, who should be chairman and vice-chairman respectively; and a member of the board, once confirmed by the Senate, ought to be capable of reappointment by the President without renewed confirmation. These and other moderate and sensible suggestions all look in the direction of insuring non-political action on the part of the board and attracting to its service the best banking talent of the country. For a quarter of a century Mr. Warburg has been wholly consistent in urging the necessity of a unified banking system under proper government control, but administered non-politically with an eye single to the economic welfare of the whole country.

In his introduction to a volume of banking essays published in 1914 Professor Seligman compared Mr. Warburg's place in our banking history with that of Lord Overstone in England's. Readers of the present work, which will inevitably serve as a guide to those who direct the future destinies of the Federal Reserve System, cannot fail to be struck with Mr. Warburg's resemblance to another well-known Briton; for there is in his writings the same combination of firm grasp on theory, broad and yet detailed knowledge of banking history and practice the world over, and power of clear and lucid exposition that have made of Walter Bagehot's "Lombard Street" and other works classics of economic literature. Mr. Warburg's writings are likely to occupy a similar place in American economics. Many of our best Americans were born abroad.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

Imagist Poetry

Imagist Anthology, 1930. Covici-Friede. $3.50.

THE imagists as a school have long since ceased to exist. That this movement did much, in its time, to clear away the moldy brush of Victorianism and to make poetry exact, condensed, rather too photographic is well known. That poets very soon discovered the limitations of the imagist creed and came to realize that no conceptual mind could dwell long on mere picture-painting is likewise literary history. Imagism played a brief but beneficial part in the development of modern poetry, and now we hear little of it.

But here (with two apologetic prefaces) is a new "Imagist Anthology," no longer definitive of any school, but a collection of poems from those poets once connected with the creed of imagism. These are D. H. Lawrence, Richard Aldington, John Gould Fletcher, F. S. Flint, and H. D. The volume includes other names not so closely related to the original movement: William Carlos Williams and John Cournos and James Joyce. Each poet claims to have developed after his own fashion, nor are the poems included said to be after any school. But old themes and old manners persist: here are D. H. Lawrence and his problems of sex struggle, Richard Aldington in a long disjointed poem on the relationship of the sex instinct to romantic love, John Gould Fletcher attempting irony about the ideals of the modern world, and even H. D., always head and shoulders above these others as a true poet, become in these last poems a bit too inclined to rely for effect on the mere repetition of emotional words. As for James Joyce and his contribution from the Work in Progress—here we have what appears to be a very amusing, punning poem composed of coined words to get at the exact meaning of which the reader will have to be a much better linguist than the present reviewer.

This is, I suppose, the pièce de résistance in the volume and quite worth looking up. The most beautiful single poem is William Carlos Williams's The Flower, a poem on the American city.

EDA LOU WALTON

One Side of a Debate

The History of Music. By Cecil Gray. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.25.

MR. GRAY, because he is writing "for the average intelligent music-lover rather than for the student, and for the general cultured reading public rather than for the professional musician," dispenses with musical illustrations. My own understanding of the matter, on the contrary, is that a person who does not know a piece of music will learn nothing from a statement about it; therefore that a book for the lay reader which deals, as Mr. Gray's does, with unfamiliar types of music and disputes accepted notions should be adequately illustrated, as a book about painting is usually illustrated. Without illustrations it is not suitable for lay readers and merely provides them with phrases they cannot understand about music they do not know. Mr. Gray aims at "striking a mean between the abstruse and the elementary, the scientific and the educational," but this affects only the text; it does not alter the need for illustrating the text.

Where I do not know the music he writes of, Mr. Gray's comments upon it have no real meaning for me;

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and I cannot understand the two sides of the quarrel when he is quarreling with someone, much less decide which is right. On the other hand, where my knowledge permits I find his revaluations of music often extraordinarily penetrating, but at times merely unsympathetic or perverse; and his reasoning often brilliant, but at times that of a tooth-and-nail debater. Thus, he gives differences between Graeco-Roman music and early church music to demonstrate that the two have nothing in common, and that one was not, therefore, an adaptation of the other. Since he never cites an authority and almost never names an opponent, one must discover for oneself that these differences are the ones given in the standard works on that period, but that he has simply omitted the similarities which (with the differences) cause the authors to conclude that early church music, as might be expected, was an adaptation of existing Graeco-Roman means to new ends. Against W. J. Turner's belief that the Greeks must have had a music commensurate with their other arts, he offers the general truth that "a race whose outlook is primarily intellectual and logical, and whose peculiar strength lies in the direction of clarity and definition, must inevitably find its most complete and congenial artistic expression in the formative arts, and more particularly in sculpture"—which means that the Germans picked the wrong art. Again, after he has attacked the belief that Greek music had no harmony, because it is not based on conclusive evidence, he argues the contrary, in the absence of evidence, with "Is it not on the face of it unlikely that . . .?"

Nor are Mr. Gray's ends themselves above question. The more naive evolutionist view of musical history that he objects to is wrong—and, one might add, pretty generally discredited by now; but his own attitude is no better. If the evolutionist was "afflicted by a morbid mania for detecting resemblances and influences where none exist," he is afflicted with a mania for denying them even where they do exist, not to speak of detecting some that are as far-fetched. And if the evolutionist had the bad habit of "regarding a whole school or period as leading up to one or two outstanding figures, in whom all the virtues and qualities of their predecessors are presumed to be contained," one often suspects that he, in his desire to discredit the evolutionists, does more than justice to some of the composers who have been neglected.

B. H. Haggin

Lincoln in Cartoons

Abraham Lincoln: His Path to the Presidency. By Albert Shaw. Review of Reviews Corporation. Two volumes. $8.

THE veteran editor of the *Review of Reviews* has given much time to the compilation of this cartoon history of Lincoln and has included in his two volumes many hitherto unpublished cartoons culled both at home and abroad. He has not been content to reprint the familiar English ones, but has found others quite as much worth while, and he has gone to the European cartoonists for examples as well. Nor has he confined his selections to those relating only to the Emancipator. He has included contemporary portraits and cartoons of all the notables of Lincoln's time, both Southern and Northern, those in public life and out, so that we have a loose, running pictorial history of the whole period of Lincoln's activities. Dr. Shaw has even added some modern ones, such as H. T. Webster's priceless cartoon: "A New Baby Down at Tom Lincoln's." Unfortunately the value of this remarkable collection is considerably marred by two things—first, the lack of chronological consequences, and, second, the frequent failure to mark the sources of the cartoon, the date and place of publication, and the method of its appearance. Both these things militate much against the value of the work as a historical document, which is all the more regrettable because of the excellent taste displayed in the choice of the pictorial material that has been used.

Some of Dr. Shaw's characterizations of the personalities portrayed are inaccurate. Thus, Wendell Phillips was not brought into the Abolition fight by the mobbing of Garrison in Boston in 1835, but by the murder of Lovejoy two years later. Nor is it fair to say of Henry Ward Beecher that he considered John Brown only "an irresponsible fanatic." He decried him after the Harper's Ferry raid as a bungler, but he approved of the spirit of the raid, apparently thought highly of him while Brown was in Kansas, and egged him and those like-minded on at all times to use "Beecher's Bibles," i.e., Sharp's rifles. None the less the books have their genuine value and will beyond question stimulate the appetite for more information about Lincoln and his period, in which it is now so difficult to interest the younger generation.

To accompany the cartoon history Dr. Shaw has written a running narrative in his usual easy and readable style, interpreting events from the point of view of his philosophy. He would, of course, be the last to wish that these volumes should be deemed a final and definitive history. But as an outline of the major problems, difficulties, and campaigns, they will have their place among the ever-growing Lincolniana.

Oswald Garrison Villard

Novels in Brief

The Party Dress. By Joseph Hergesheimer. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

Joseph Hergesheimer's first novel in four years harks back to his most popular one—"Cytherea." It is a story of today and is laid in the same complacent little suburb of wealthy commuters, Eastlake, and among the same country-club, cocktail-drinking smart set from which Lee Randon of "Cytherea" ran away to Cuba with Savina Grove. Oddly enough, Cuba plays a part in this new volume as well, for Chalke Ewing has come from there on a visit to his sister. Chalke is to Nina Henry what Savina was to Lee Randon. This sounds like a mathematical formula, but so do Mr. Hergesheimer's plots when stripped of their embroidery. Chalke, with his mysterious past, his exotic appearance, and his rum swizzles, is the dream figure, the embodiment of the escape theme, the romantic comedian—a well-known ingredient of the Hergesheimer formula. It is usually female, but in this respect "The Party Dress" harks back to "Linda Condon." Nina Henry is the earthly figure, very earthly indeed this time, who is seeking, seeking—something. And it must be admitted that she is exceedingly well portrayed. The party dress serves as a symbol as well as an emotional cocktail for Nina. All those who are familiar with Mr. Hergesheimer's novels have now sufficient material to write the book themselves. But not, of course, with his deftness and skill, for Mr. Hergesheimer is a good craftsman. The new novel, however, will do little to revive a waning reputation.

Uncle Sam: In the Eyes of His Family. By John Erskine. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50.

Mr. Erskine says in the brief foreword to his latest comedy of history: "I have long believed that . . . our national temperament . . . might have a biography. Since no one else has attempted it, I here try my hand . . . I should like to show Uncle Sam as he is today." The result of his attempt is, first, an allegory that seems bald and oversimplified, and, second, a novel that seems highly fantastic. The allegory, which is not

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intended to be completely sustained, lends neither profundity nor wit, satire nor charm, to the story, but it does succeed in destroying any hope there might have been for that to stand on its own feet. One cannot escape the impression that Professor Erskine is writing down to his great army of readers in the same way that he gently patronizes all his emasculated characters. Certainly he has made no attempt to go beyond the A B C of national and racial characteristics.

The Age for Love. By Ernest Pascal. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

The heroine of this novel had the courage of her romantic convictions. Believing that there was no justification in the marriage relation except a deep foundation of romantic love, she left her husband for a lover in spite of the fact that she had a child, and when her lover, unsatisfied by the lack of stability in their relationship, dropped himself from a monoplane into the Atlantic Ocean she refused to resume her life with her husband in spite of his urging, not because she despised him or found him distasteful, but because she "believed in love" and preferred loneliness to a joint life without it. Mr. Pascal has refused to compromise with the current notion of marriage as a contract entered into for social reasons, with love coming to be more or less irrelevant. His heroine, therefore, will not be popular with women's clubs. But she is honest and frank and, in spite of her creator's oversimplification of her difficulties, admirable in many ways. And Mr. Pascal has written an honest and thought-provoking book.

The Trader's Wife. By Jean Mackenzie. Coward-McCann. $2.

This is a scrupulously written novelette about a New England poetess married to an African trader and taken by him to the slave coast, where the sights and sounds and smells of slavery first jerk her out of her placid acceptance of the world and then drive her to her death. Miss Mackenzie has not spared her heroine the compelling dampness of the forest, the monotony, the strangeness, the wailing desolation of black mothers whose children are dying of starvation, all the horrors of the barracoon, all the final irresistible despair. And enough of this despair is communicated to the reader to make of "The Trader's Wife" a memorable novel. In form it is, moreover, a little masterpiece, concise, exact, tempered, elegant. The same style with as dramatic a mise en scène in a novel that was considerably longer and that dealt more completely with its characters would make Miss Mackenzie one of the more important writers of her time.

Huntsman in the Sky. By Granville Toogood. Brewer and Warren. $2.50.

There are some very good things in this first novel. Grandfather Lloyd, gentleman of the old school, Philadelphia Brahman, with his great house and stables and his reverence for the good things of life, is an excellent portrait of the thoroughly American aristocrat. The writing is harmonious and polished. But there is something definitely wrong with the book in spite of its fine moments. The story does not *advance.* Bartram Garrison, the grandson, is Orion, the Huntsman in the Sky. He is presented to us as a thoroughbred gentleman and a musician and composer of great talent, just beginning to find himself through sorrow and self-torture after a failure in Paris. Somehow the gentleman fills the picture, leaving little of the genius or of the man. Bart is too perfect, too tolerant. One would not be surprised to hear that he carried an edition of Marcus Aurelius in his vest pocket. He rules himself by will, not only in his relationship with the beautiful heiress who arouses in him (so we are repeatedly told) all the blind forces of desire and against whom he steels himself for the sake of his art, but also in every other aspect of his life. There is no blossoming of the soul; only a rousing of the will against—not with—his emotions. The bohemian scenes and the gatherings of the "Peripatetic Philosophers," Bart's old drinking cronies, are amateurishly done, as though the mere account of a few rather conventionally stupid young bloods getting tight together were an entertainment in itself. The novel, like its hero, seems to have little of the strength and fire of a great talent.

Music

The Composer's League Presents

"Die Glückliche Hand." Opera for orchestra, chorus, solo barytone, pantomime, and color-light, by Arnold Schönberg. Written in 1913. First performance in America. Directed by Rouben Mamoulian. Setting and costumes by Robert Edmond Jones.

"Le Sacre du Printemps." Ballet for orchestra, dance chorus, and soloist. Libretto and décor by Nicholas Roerich; music by Igor Stravinsky. Written in 1913. Present setting and costume by Roerich; choreography by Leonide Massine.

Presented by the League of Composers and the Philadelphia Symphony under Leopold Stokowski.

THIS bald announcement ushered into the Metropolitan Opera House on April 22 such a convocation of talent as has rarely been assembled in this city for one enterprise. It produced, for a brief hour and a quarter, a brilliant and curious performance of very uneven merit.

Schönberg's opera presented, it seems, in a brief abstract form the vicissitudes of the human soul, horror-ridden by its own inadequacy, lifted for a time by hope, betrayed by the emptiness of material ambition to which it led, and finally sunk again under its original despair. These entities of the soul were dramatized as a winged monster, a man, a woman, and a stranger, the dramatis personae of a buried inner self—doubtless Schönberg's own—tortured almost to insanity by life.

One may object that a neurosis is not material for art, and refuse the opera on this ground. But one cannot deny that Schönberg has contrived with appalling success to lead us below the threshold of normal consciousness into the subterranean chambers of the under-mind, whose emotional entities fill the score with mutterings of horror, lyric wails of hope, staccato laughter of despair. Although the materials of his sound structure are strange, as for his purpose they must be, its form is clear, economic, and well defined. Pantomime and stage lighting further symbolized the struggle, so that a triple battery of sound, movement, and color carried his intent to the audience. The result, thanks to the work of Jones, Mamoulian, and the pantomimists, frequently approached and at times achieved an absolute unity.

Unfortunately this cannot be said for the more important work of the evening—"Le Sacre du Printemps." Hear the composer's avowed purpose: "I have meant to express the sublime upward thrust of nature renewing itself. . . . In the prelude I have intrusted to the orchestra the expression of that awful fear which every sensitive creature feels in the presence of forces at their moment of greatest potency . . . a holy terror in the presence of the midday sun, a Pan-like cry." This was Stravinsky's intent, and the now famous score leaves no doubt as to its overwhelming fulfilment. As no other music it evokes the primitive fecundity of nature, the ancient time when man had not so far diverged upon his own path as to be consciously separated from the other growths about him. The great seasonal rhythm of fertility, the wave of life that opened buds

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Other Summer Advertising, Pages IV and V

and thrust up grass, included him in its sweep, and the rituals which handed down to his successors the rites of Dionysus and Osiris were gradually evolving round the procreative force of his own body into the first of all religions—the impersonal and ecstatic worship of sex.

With this ancient, primitive, and powerful evocation proceeding from the orchestra, it was a shock to receive through the eye, from the stage décor, a poster of spring in the Dolomites, all posies and prettiness, with maidens in bright smocks, daisy-garlanded, and sunburnt youths in bearskins out for a vernal holiday. To be sure the choreography did much toward visualizing the external rhythms of the music (although a leisured waltz is not this writer's idea of the slow, awkward, terrifying thrust of the Vernal Dance episode). But, on the whole, sight and sound were utterly at odds. If one closed one's ears and merely looked one inevitably fancied the music of Mendelssohn's "Spring Song." If one closed one's eyes the music created a stark plain, rude monoliths in a circle, and humans moving through a rite hardly beginning to be conscious of its form—at least something very far from the winsome setting and costumes of Mr. Roerich.

During the second part of the ballet, however, The Sacrifice, the impressions of eye and ear drew together. The darkness and quiet of the Pagan Night episode which opened it allowed the eye to forget the setting. The choreography greatly improved in originality and power. Above all the long solo dance of Martha Graham as the virgin offered for sacrifice, together with the supporting choreography, followed the mounting intensity of the score, and visualized it so well that the mind received music and movement as one entity. Even to give accurate shape to the complex sequence of the music is a remarkable achievement for Miss Graham and Mr. Stokowski, to say nothing of the beauty and terror manifest in her dancing. In plan and projection it was an astonishing and intensely moving creation.

It concluded the most ambitious evening of music and ballet which has been seen for many a year, sustained throughout—one is tempted to say, "of course"—by the presiding genius of Mr. Stokowski. In his brilliant readings, his mastery of the vastly complicated organism of scores, dancers, soloists, and chorus, he again proved himself a pioneer in a field into which, we hope, he will lead us far. The modern ballet, with its synthesis of color, form, movement, and music, is the logical vehicle for the expression of this complex age of swift fluidity and omnipresent sound. One is grateful to the Composer's League.

HUBBARD HUTCHINSON

Drama

Lewdness and Laughter

MY confreres of the daily press seem to have been shocked both aesthetically and morally by the goings on which constitute "Lost Sheep" (Selwyn Theater). The farce details the confusion which arises when the family of a dissenting clergyman rents a house formerly occupied by some popular prostitutes, and it is, as the critics point out, of necessity neither particularly subtle nor particularly delicate. One may, indeed, go still farther. One may add, for example, that the complications are something less than probable, and that in real life explanations would have been in order somewhat sooner than they occur in the play. But I should consider myself derelict in duty if I did not confess both that I was not offended and that I joined the audience in a good deal of its laughter. Moreover, though the proceedings are certainly enlivened by the work of an

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excellent cast, which includes Ferdinand Gottschalk, Cecilia Loftus, and a very pretty newcomer appearing under the inappropriately masculine name of Sidney Fox, I shall not attempt to excuse myself by any pompous reference to "acting which made one forget the disgusting nature of the subject," for "Lost Sheep" was constructed by someone with a sound knowledge of conventional farce technique, and many of the *malentendus* which arise are genuinely funny.

Indeed, I feel myself impelled to go still farther—I do not understand why the thing should be considered morally objectionable. From experience I have learned that I am not to be trusted in judging of such matters, but so far as I am able to comprehend what those of more sensitive feelings are talking about it seems to me that their protests are generally based upon one or both of two convictions: (a) that certain words must not under any circumstances be mentioned because, as a seventeenth-century moralist proclaimed, "the sin sticks to the syllables"; (b) that certain treatments of certain situations are likely to arouse what are commonly called "impure thoughts" and to inspire the spectator to go and do likewise. But even if these convictions be admitted to be sound, I fail to see how they can lead to the conclusion that a farce like "Lost Sheep" is damnable. In the first place, not one of the mysterious syllables is uttered, and in the second place I fail to perceive how a fable like the present could possibly induce its auditors to rush off to a bawdy house. Indeed, it has always seemed to me that laughter and libidinousness are sworn enemies. A modern poet has something to say about "the imbecile earnestness of lust" and this modern poet is right. "Evil thoughts" are always solemn thoughts, and one cannot be genuinely lascivious while thinking of sex as funny. Aristophanes understood the fact well, for moralist though he was he had no hesitation in representing everything up to the embrace itself in "Lysistrata," because he knew well enough that there was something quite the reverse of inflammatory in the spectacle of an eagerness which the audience did not share. The smirk may be compatible with desire, but the smile and the guffaw are not, and it is a pity that the moralists do not realize the fact. Indeed, it is just because they do not that they predict the downfall of society as often as they read the funny papers. But then, moralists cannot, I suppose, be expected to understand a principle like this. They laugh so seldom.

"Courtesan" (President Theater) was supposed to impress the audience because only one character appears on the stage. There are, however, so many off-stage voices and so many conversations over the telephone that not even the dubious novelty seems very novel. Nothing is left except a dull story about a kept woman who jumped out of the window because a new lover doubted her purity.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Contributors to This Issue

LOUIS RESNICK, coauthor of "Eye Hazards in Industrial Occupations," was formerly connected with the National Safety Council.

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Gandhi the Non-Resistant

By HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

MAHATMA GANDHI has joined battle with the British Empire for the soul of India. Against this contemporary Goliath, mightiest empire of our day, armed with the resources of science, organization, wealth, and all the enginery of war, there stands forth the slight figure of one single man clad in a loin-cloth, without arms, without wealth, without any of the accouterments of power. On what does this mystical madman rely as he goes forth to the unequal combat? With what strange weapon does the Mahatma fight?

> The term "passive resistance" [said Gandhi fifteen years ago, at the end of his long and astonishingly successful campaigns in South Africa] does not fit into the activity of the Indian community during the past eight years. Its equivalent in the vernacular, rendered into English, means truth-force. I think Tolstoy also called it soul-force, or love-force, and so it is. Carried out to its utmost limit this force is independent of pecuniary or other material assistance. Violence is the negation of this great spiritual force, which can only be cultivated or wielded by those who will entirely eschew violence. . . .
>
> It is impossible for those who consider themselves to be weak to apply this force. Only those who realize that there is something in man which is superior to the brute nature in him, and that the latter always yields to it, can effectively be passive resisters. This force is to violence what light is to darkness.
>
> In politics its use is based upon the immutable maxim that *government of the people is possible only so long as* they consent either consciously or unconsciously to be governed.

As he puts it in another passage:

> The pathway of Ahimsa [non-violence]—that is, of love—has often to be trodden all alone. . . .
>
> The current (and in my opinion mistaken) view of Ahimsa has drugged our conscience and rendered us insensible to a host of other and more insidious forms of violence, like harsh words, harsh judgments, ill-will, anger, spite, and lust of cruelty; it has made us forget that there may be far more violence in the slow torture of men and animals, the starvation and exploitation to which they are subjected out of selfish greed, the wanton humiliation and oppression of the weak, and the killing of their self-respect that we witness all around us today than in the benevolent taking of life.

Strange words these in our Western ears, and stranger deeds. "Soul-force," the weapon of the humbly strong. Facing the whole British power, Gandhi declares:

> My confidence is unshaken that if a single Satyagrahi holds out to the end victory is absolutely certain. That is the beauty of Satyagraha [truth-force, soul-force]. It comes up to us. We have not to go out in search for it. There is a virtue inherent in the principle itself.

Clearly enough, we put it negatively, imperfectly, when we call it non-violence, passive resistance, for it has the positive power of truth, of love, impregnable to all attacks because it fears nothing, not even death.

We view the operation of this force with wonder, for our progress has been in the control of material things, and our reliance has been on such control. Yet we have not lacked our own prophets and seers. One who is not without honor among us has said: "Resist not evil." "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you." Even in our own land Emerson proclaimed the power of non-violence again and again. Most arresting of all to Americans today, because of their strange connection with present events in India, are the words of the Liberator, William Lloyd Garrison, who, aflame with passion for breaking the chains of the slave, put non-violence at the very basis of his practical activity.

> Another motto we have chosen [says he] is "Universal Emancipation." . . . Henceforth we shall use it in its widest latitude—the emancipation of our whole race from the dominion of man, from the thraldom of self, from the government of brute force, from the bondage of sin, and the bringing it under the dominion of God, the control of an inward spirit, the government of the law of love.

Tolstoy testifies to Garrison's powerful influence on him, coming, as he says, in the spring of his awakening to true life. He says of this great American:

> The principle of non-resistance to evil by violence, which consists in the substitution of persuasion for brute force, can only be accepted voluntarily, and in whatever measure it is freely accepted by men and applied to life—i.e., according to the measure in which people renounce violence and establish their relations upon rational persuasion—only in that measure is true progress in the life of men accomplished. . . . Garrison was the first to proclaim this principle as a rule for the organization of the life of men. . . . Therefore Garrison will forever remain one of the greatest reformers and promoters of true human progress.

Thus the great Russian non-resistant, who passed on the torch Garrison had lighted.

Gandhi in turn confesses his debt to Tolstoy. "The Kingdom of God Is Within You," he says, gave permanent form to his own ideal. Of his resulting South African campaigns, C. F. Andrews says:

> He was the first to organize corporate moral resistance and to obtain at last in South Africa, through rigid discipline, a firmly united community ready to go to any lengths of suffering as a body for the sake of conscience. Perhaps it would be true to say that since the days of the early Christian church no such effective acts of passive resistance have been organized as those which Mahatma Gandhi inspired.

That victory won, Gandhi returned to his own country and continued the struggle against oppression and injustice, at first working as a loyal subject of the British Empire, then, after the black horror of Amritsar had convinced him that the Empire in India was an evil thing, throwing his whole life and thought to direct the invincible power of non-violence against that Empire by the dangerous method of non-cooperation. Few Americans there are, perhaps, who

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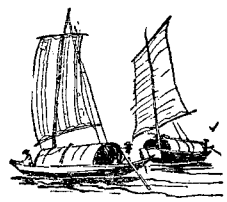

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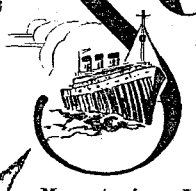

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realize that the present conflict, which is likely to be the greatest of all, is the ninth that Gandhi has waged in these fifteen years, and always with the single weapon of non-violence, truth-force. "My non-cooperation has its root," he says, "not in hatred but in love. . . . It will be a non-violent fight, it will be clean, it will be truthful."

Mistakes he has made a plenty, and none more ready to admit them than he. He tells of the great struggle against the Rowlatt Act: "Therein our inherent shortcomings came to the surface. . . . I had to confess my Himalayan blunder"—he had been ignorant that the masses were certain to become violent if left to themselves! The non-cooperation campaign in 1921 was wrecked in its non-resistant aspect by the terrible outbreak of violence among his followers at Bombay and their butchery of the police at Chauri Chaura. Immediately he made a vow to fast till the violence in Bombay should cease, and called off the non-cooperation movement at the height of its power.

> The drastic reversal of practically the whole of the aggressive program [he said] may be politically unsound and unwise, but there is no doubt that it is religiously sound, and I venture to assure the doubters that the country will have gained by my humiliation and confession of error.

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> I wish to indorse all the blame that the learned Advocate General has thrown on my shoulders in connection with the Bombay, Madras, and Chauri Chaura occurrences. . . . It is impossible for me to dissociate myself from the diabolical crime of Chauri Chaura or the mad outrages of Bombay. . . . I knew that I was playing with fire. I ran the risk, and if I were set free, I should still do the same. . . . Non-violence is the first article of my faith. . . . But I had to make my choice. I had either to submit to a system which I considered had done an irreparable harm to my country or incur the risk of the mad fury of my people breaking forth when they understood the truth from my lips. I know that my people have sometimes gone mad. I am deeply sorry for it. . . . But I hold it to be a virtue to be disaffected toward a government which in its totality has done more harm to India than any previous system. . . .
>
> I believe that I have rendered a service to India and England by showing in non-cooperation the way out of the unnatural state in which both are living. . . . But in the past non-cooperation has been deliberately expressed in violence to the evil-doer. I am endeavoring to show my countrymen that violent non-cooperation only multiplies evil, and that as evil can only be sustained by violence, withdrawal of support of evil requires complete abstention from violence.
>
> Non-violence implies voluntary submission to the penalty for non-cooperation with evil. I am here, therefore, to invite and submit cheerfully to the highest penalty that can be inflicted on me for what in law is a deliberate crime, and what appears to me to be the highest duty of a citizen.

Such is Gandhi, the non-resistant. Today, after further years of self-discipline, experience, and training of his followers, he has once more matched forces with the British Empire. Where will the victory rest?

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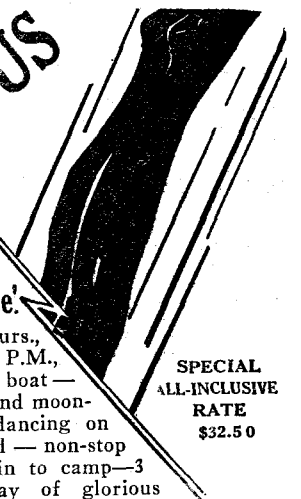

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BEGINNING IN THIS ISSUE:

First Results of The Nation's

TARIFF POLL

TO obtain a consensus of informed opinion as to the economic gains or injuries likely to result from enactment of the pending tariff bill, The Nation is directing a questionnaire to the newspaper editors of the entire country.

A digest of the telegraphed returns from the New England area appears in this issue. Next week's article will present a tabulation of the returns from the East-Central and North-Central states. The Northwest, the South, the Southwest, and the Pacific states will follow.

The summary of these returns will provide an authoritative index of the national attitude toward the tariff bill now before Congress. Don't miss this big Nation feature!

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